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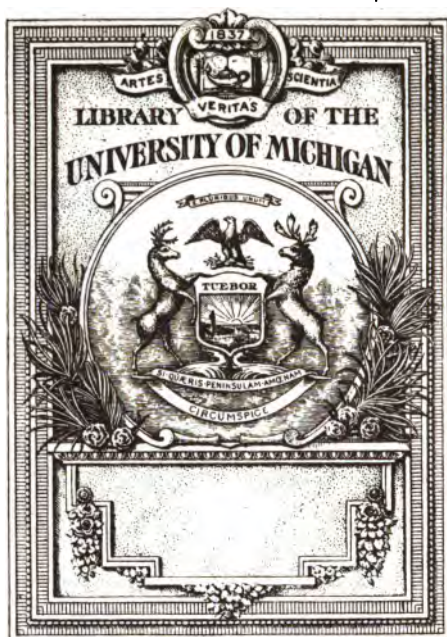
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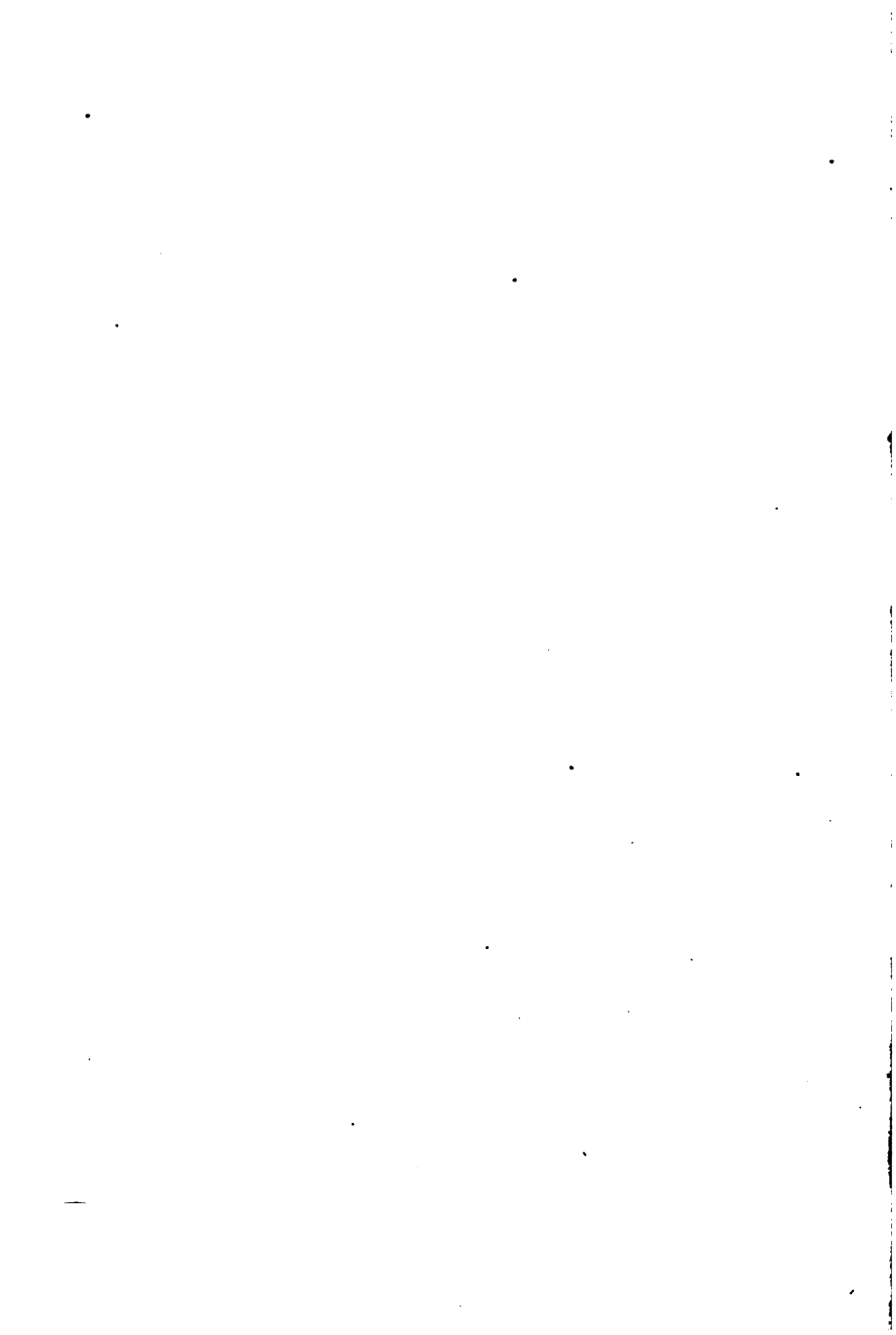
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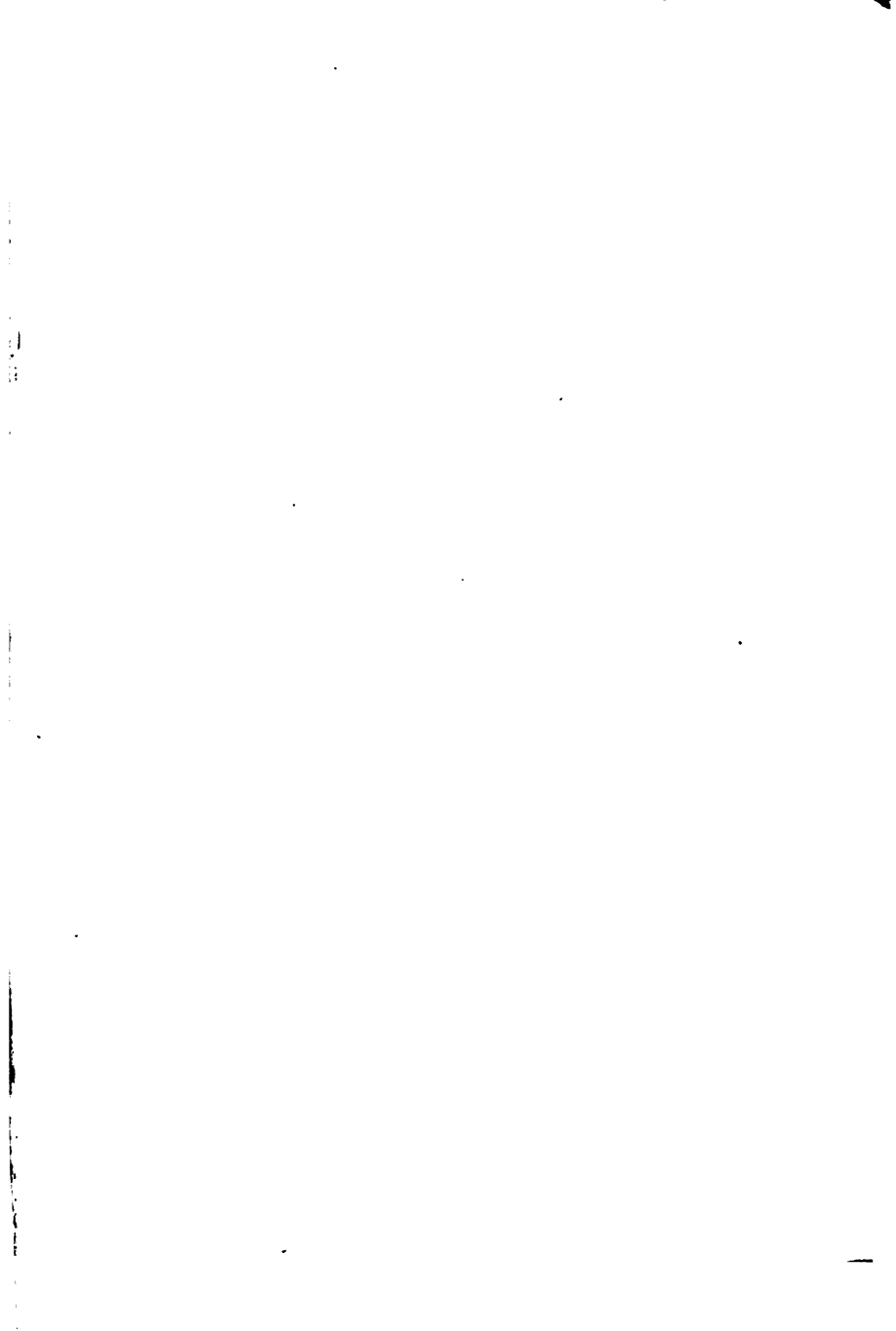
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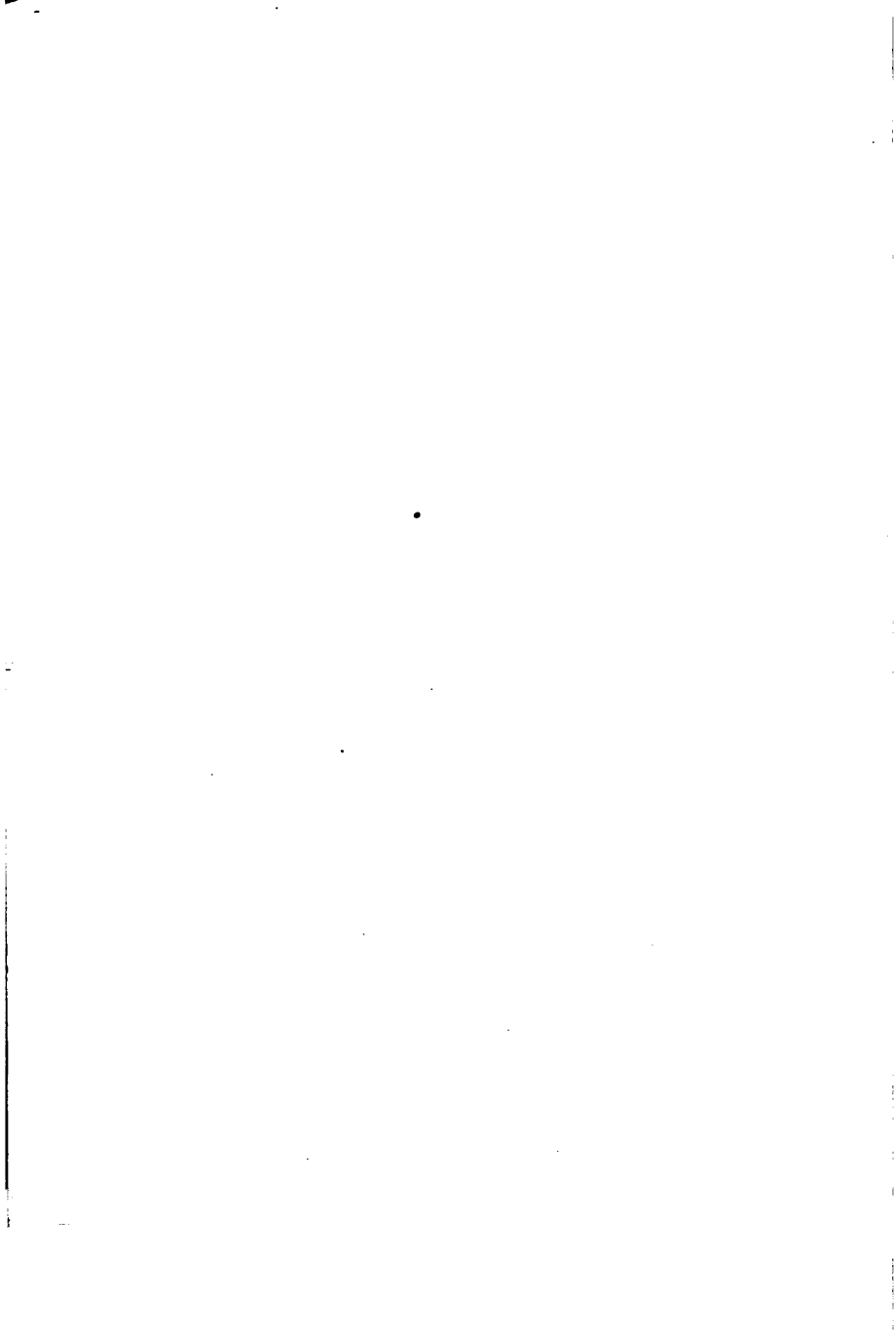
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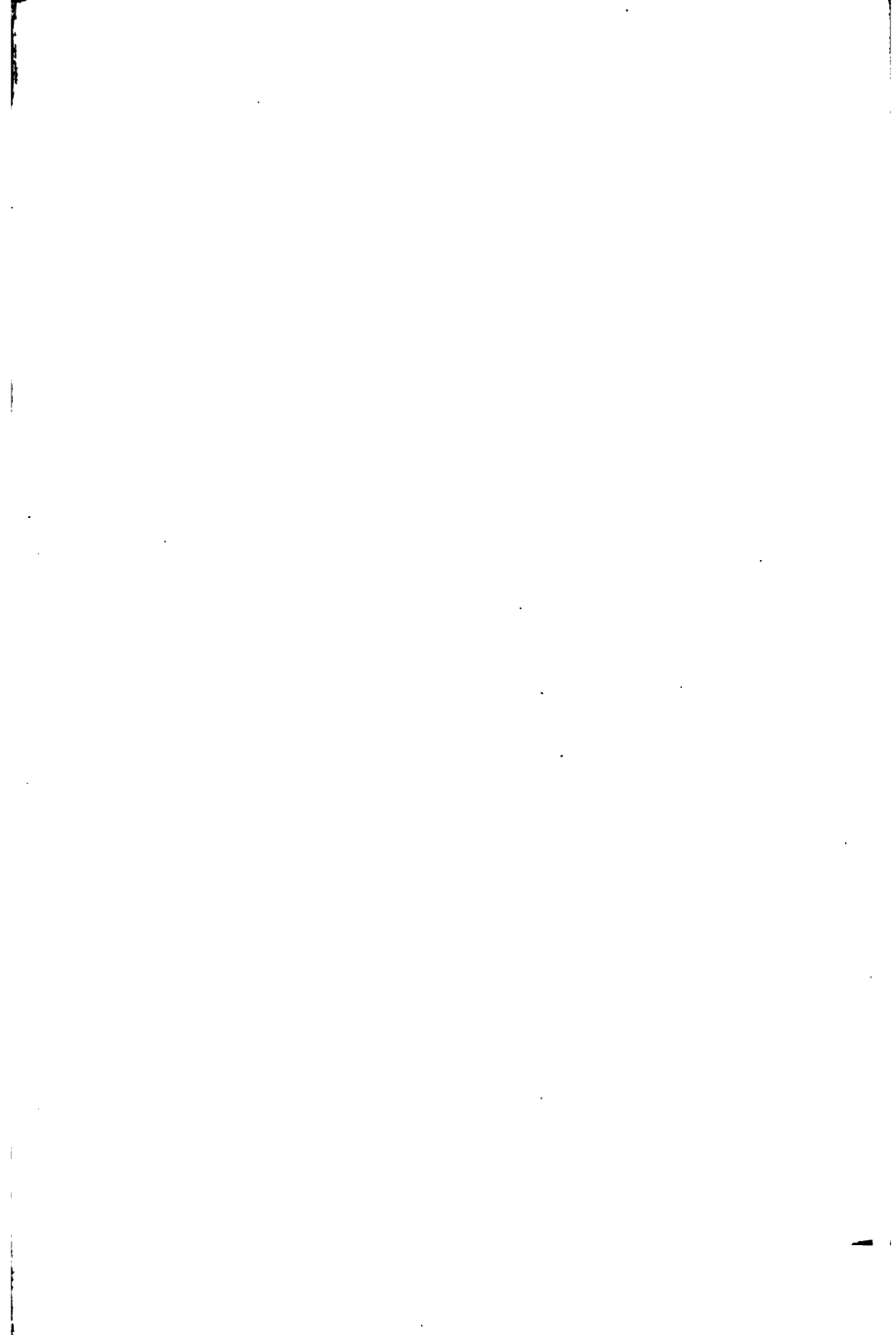
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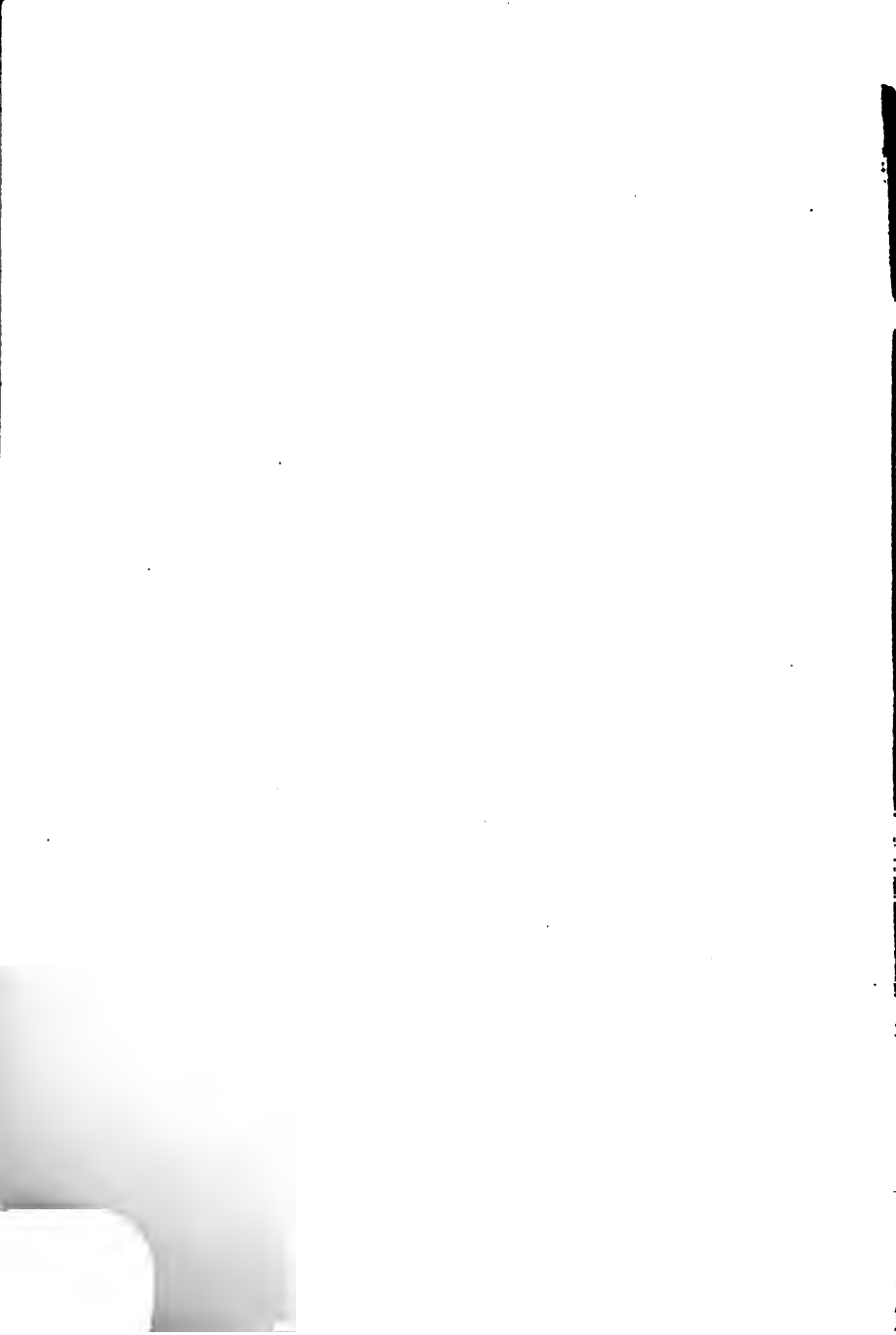
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# EAST AND WEST

*A STORY OF NEW-BORN OHIO*



BY

EDWARD E. HALE

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," "TEN TIMES  
ONE," "UPS AND DOWNS," "IN HIS NAME," "LIFE OF  
WASHINGTON," "LIFE OF COLUMBUS."  
"HOW THEY LIVED AT HAMPTON."

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## EAST AND WEST.

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### CHAPTER I.

‘GOOD-BYE,” said Jane as she opened the front door.

“Good-bye,” said Sarah as she stood in the hall. “Shall I see you to-morrow?”

“Why, yes,” said Jane, “I shall see you at Ipswich, if not before.”

“Ipswich?” said Sarah. “What is Ipswich?”

“I mean the sleigh ride, you goose. You do not mean you are so interested in your Cowper and your Adam Smith and your other stuffs, that you have forgotten the sleigh ride? Be sure you wear your best bib and tucker. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye,” said Sarah, and Jane closed the door, and went on her way. Sarah returned into the house.

No, she had not forgotten the sleigh ride, for the simple reason that she had never heard of it. And now it seemed that all the girls in Salem knew that there was to be a sleigh ride, and she did not know. That was not very satisfactory, to a girl who had a right to consider herself one of the best beloved and most esteemed of the Salem girls; the general favorite, who had no enemy. At the very bottom of her heart, of course Sarah Parris knew why she had not heard of the sleigh ride. She knew perfectly well, at the very bottom of her heart, that the young men had had a talk after the party at the Norrises' and had agreed that, if the sleighing lasted, there should be a ride to Ipswich and a dance there. This she knew "of native impulse, elemental force"; she constructed it from the law of the instrument, the moment that she knew that there was to be a sleigh ride. In the same way she also knew, at the very bottom of her heart, that Harry Curwen had said to the other young men, in his off-hand dictatorial way, "I shall ask Sarah Parris, and you can ask whom you like." Then she knew

that Harry Curwen had gone up to Boston the next morning with his uncle, and that he had taken it for granted that she would go with him on the drive; and so had not so much as taken the pains to write her a note to tell her to hold herself engaged to him. And so it was that she had the mortification of being the only girl in Salem, who was worth asking, who had not been asked to the sleighing party.

All this, I say, she knew from native impulse; but it was not very satisfactory, to have thus to construct for herself the picture of what was going on in the town. Least of all was it satisfactory that the news should have been given her by Jane Endicott. Sarah did not ask herself in what way she would have liked to have the news come, but she did know that it could not have come to her in a more disagreeable way. And at the very bottom of her heart, she had a provoked feeling, that it was not the first time that Harry Curwen had treated her in this off-hand and take-for-granted way.

Here was nice, sweet, pretty Sarah Parris

left in the lurch, and yet not left in the lurch. She must have all her things ready for a long sleigh ride, and yet she must pretend that she did not know there was any sleigh ride. She must meet her aunt and her cousins, and talk of the party or not talk of the party, as she thought best, while she knew at the bottom of her heart, that, as surely as three o'clock came around the next day, Harry Curwen would arrive, with his elegant horses and beautiful sleigh, and would take it for granted that she would be capped and coated and ready to go with him.

Now, it is perfectly true that, in a regulation story, Sarah would have at once administered to the young man a proper rebuke. She would not have made ready to go, she would not have been ready to go ; and, when he came with his span of horses and his sleigh, he would have been told to go about his business, and would have lost the party to Ipswich. But that was not what Sarah Parris determined, and this was not what Sarah Parris did.

When, on the afternoon of Thursday, he

did come around just before three, Sarah ran down the steps to meet him, exactly as if he had written the little note to her, which he should have written. She had her hands in her muff, she had her pretty fur hood upon her head, she had her heavy shawl and the rest of her wraps, and her pretty little feet were in the carpet moccasins, and even these were pretty, because everything she had was pretty. And Harry Curwen lifted her into the sleigh, with the expression, to which she was not unaccustomed, of perfect satisfaction with her appearance. They bade good-bye to the home party on the steps, and drove away. They were among the first at the place of rendezvous, but the last were not two minutes behind them; and then, with great shouting, cheering, and calling back and forth, the long procession took up the line of march, if march it may be called, and swept out over the South Danvers road toward Ipswich.

So soon as the long line was under way, Harry Curwen, having made sure for the tenth time that the bearskins were well tucked in on the weather side of the lady, said to her with

real feeling, "Sarah, you are good not to scold me; if ever a fellow deserved to be scolded, it is I; but, really, my dear Sarah, it was not until I gave Brewer the order for the horses to-day, that I remembered that I had not told you about the party. And I drove up to the house mortified; well, mortified is no word, ashamed and frightened. You know very well that there are twenty other men in this party who would have been glad enough to knock me out, and how should I have known that you had not engaged yourself to one of them?"

Sarah would not laugh, as, perhaps, he had hoped she would. She said to him very seriously that he would have been served quite rightly if he had not found her ready; and that the thought of leaving him in the lurch as he deserved had passed through her mind.

"To tell you the truth," said she, "if I could have mortified you without mortifying myself, I would have done so, and would have done so gladly. But in the first place, I wanted to dance; I wanted to see the girls, and I wanted to be in Ipswich. I did not



choose to give up my party because my man at the stable was late in sending around my horses. That was the way in which I finally put it in my mind. But you have no right to expose me, or any other girl, to any such mortification. You have been careless enough before; and somehow, in some way, we will see that you are rightly punished. You must not expect to find me with my muff on my hands whenever you choose to whistle."

The young fellow deserved a great deal worse scolding than this. And to tell the truth, bit by bit, he had his share that night, of scoldings worse than this. But the foundation was thus laid for the whole evening, in which he was taught a hundred times that he was on his good behavior, that he must repent and reform. The truth was that he was the spoiled child of Salem. Everybody knew him, and everybody liked him; and he went and came like a sort of Alcibiades, doing very much as he chose, and supposing his omissions would be atoned or overlooked, on the ground of his general public spirit and infallible good-nature.

Among other good things which he had picked out for his own had been the companionship of Sarah Parris, on any such occasion as this sleighing party. She was the favorite of everybody, and well deserved to be. She was pretty, graceful, good-natured, and sufficiently well informed. In the simple society of Salem at that time, she was a leader, as he was a leader. If Sarah Parris and Harry Curwen determined that thus and so should be done in the range of things which came into the life of the young people of Salem, that thing was done. This was as sure as the rising of the sun. Naturally, he conferred with her and she with him ; naturally, she called him Harry, and he called her Sarah ; naturally, he waited for her when the dance was over at Mrs. Pickering's, or Colonel Lee's, and walked home with her. He would do so without asking leave beforehand ; or with asking leave, as might happen. Indeed, this illustration was the only one he used, in the lame attempt he made to excuse himself to Sarah, as they rode together. "Why, of course you were to go with me, from the first moment we talked it

over at Madam Endicott's. I should have as soon asked Parson Bentley to come and preach next Sunday. I no more thought of asking you to come with me, than I thought of asking you to walk home with me from my mother's."

The young people of a hundred years ago certainly knew how to enjoy themselves. Here were more than fifty gay couples, each lad and each maid dressed, and well dressed, for winter; here were more than fifty gay horses or spans of horses, who enjoyed the frolic as much as those who drove them. Here was an innocent earth, white with "innocent snow," and over it a heaven of unspotted and unclouded blue. The country rolls a little, just enough to vary, from second to second, the shimmer of the bright sun on the sparkling frost. There was forest enough and not too much; enough for the cheerful suggestion of life and strength and shelter, which invariably belongs to the grave, good-natured, hospitable evergreens, while, through open fields and with long afternoon shadows, the merry party scampered on. Sometimes they shouted to

each other. Sometimes one sleigh struck up a song, and the neighbors before and behind took it up, and in a long trailing fugue, it ran over the voices of half a mile of singers. More often, what Lady Delacour called "propinquity" did its perfect work, and the two partners said to each other aloud what they need not whisper, and talked of one or another trifle, or of one or another of the eternities, more easily than they could have talked were they looking into each other's faces, or were there any possibility of another listener.

And so, in an hour and a half of the liveliest life which can be conceived, the gay young party, driving always north, in the bright afternoon, came to the hill on which Ipswich stands, and almost for the first time, the drivers drew rein a little, as the horses walked up to Squire Beers's tavern. The sun was just setting in the unclouded west, and as one after another of the ladies was almost lifted from the sleigh by her cavalier, the party grouped together to watch the daily wonder, as the red ball sank down behind the hills. For a moment only, and then all rushed into the open

halls of the great tavern, which would not have known what you meant, had you called it an inn, and welcomed the preparations which had been made for them.

No one had forgotten to send word to Mr. Beers. Belles might have been forgotten, but not the entertainment for the evening. A messenger had informed him, the day before, that a party of the gayest, and brightest, and best of Salem would be there, and half of Ipswich had been at work to make proper preparation. There was a fire of oak in every fireplace of every room. In the hall there stood great pitchers of flip, which only needed to be heated; and in the great fireplace of the corner room, which was a sort of room of entrance, were a dozen pokers at white heat, waiting to be plunged into the pitchers, at the moment of arrival. As one girl after another was led in by her attendant, he took her to one or another of the tables, on which these great pitchers of sweetened cider, tempered perhaps with a little spirit, stood; and one or another laughing attendant brought the heated poker and plunged it in. No girl thought that she

did anything wrong when she sipped from the hot cup what her attendant poured out for her. There would be some joking about a little ashes, more or less, which stuck perhaps to her red nose or lingered on her lip; but it was a generation before the time when any one would have said to her, that she was violating any law, human or divine, as she thus refreshed herself.

After this welcome, the girls scattered to rooms, where they were led by the ready maidens of the tavern, and threw off and piled up the wraps in which they had been protected, appearing like so many butterflies coming out of their winter homes, in all the lightness of muslin and its decorations, ready for the dance in the great hall. At each end of this hall was a fire of oak logs, which had been kept going since early morning, so that there was not the slightest chill in the room. The whole party were in tip-top spirits. They were just cold enough to be ready to dance, to warm their feet. They had breathed in ozone or oxygen, or whatever it is that gives life, till every nerve and pulse were aglow. All animosities

or jealousies, with which they might have started, were forgotten, and they had and knew they had before them, hours upon hours of undiluted exhilaration.

It will not do, after a hundred years, to try to explain to the decorous modern reader how the partners were selected, or how they were changed after they were selected. Suffice it to say, that by the generous equality of democracy, which had taken the place of the condescension of ante-revolutionary times, the ladies drew lots for the head of the dance. For certain ends connected with the purpose of the dance, similar lots were then drawn for the gentlemen ; and as everybody knew everybody there were no inconveniences in this arrangement. But it soon appeared, by processes which need not be explained to the reader, that the right gentleman and the right lady danced with each other pretty much as they would, and the arbitrary decision of the lot did not make any *contretemps*, while it did make a great deal of good-natured fun.

Thus, in point of fact, the number that Sarah Parris drew was 27, which would have

put her well down the line of dancers. But Ruth Crowninshield, who drew number 1, came to Sarah at once, and said that she hoped she would exchange numbers with her, that she was herself a little tired and cold, and would rather sit by the fire a few minutes, and not be obliged to begin quite as soon as the others. Our pretty Sarah was not unused to such negotiations. She well appreciated the courtesy by which Ruth recognized the truth, that she would guide the set better than a more inexperienced person would do, and, after due conference on both sides, the exchange was made. Of course, as the reader will say, the men's number 1 fell upon a certain Mr. Bellamy from the West Indies, about whom the girls had been disposed to make considerable fun, as if he were stupid or awkward. Accordingly, Mr. Bellamy took Miss Sarah to the head of the dance, and other couples fell in almost immediately. All were a little curious to know what dance the manager would name. The manager was, of course, Harry Curwen. He named "The Country Bumpkin," with distinct malice toward Mr. Bellamy. For it was supposed



that the dance would be the special favorite of "a person of fine form and graceful figure," and Harry Curwen chose to imagine that Mr. Bellamy had neither. But it was clear at once to all men and angels, that Mr. Bellamy must have had certain advantages, either in Philadelphia, or Barbadoes, or London, or somewhere, which had made him quite the equal of any of the Salem beaux, in his various curvettings. If there had been any expectation of showing him at a disadvantage, Mr. Harry Curwen was disappointed.

But it is no part of the little story to go into the ins and outs of the various dances of that jolly afternoon. The twilight, of course, fell almost at once. Mr. Beers and his assistants lighted one set of candles, and the young people saw with satisfaction that another set were left unlighted, for a relay, as the night should wear on. Dance followed after dance, partner after partner exchanged, as the lots fell wrong, Harry Curwen yielded the management to one or another friend, who had, or supposed he had, personal purposes to advantage by this temporary control; and, by one

exchange or bit of good fortune or another, it happened that Harry and Sarah Parris danced together four or five times, as the evening and the night went by. When the first set of candles had burned nearly to the hoops that held them, a lively march from the black musicians announced that it was time to go out to supper. The whole party moved in procession together, headed, of course, by Harry Curwen and Sarah Parris. This was not to any modest bit of ice cream or sherbet, but to long, well-spread boards, resting on trestles, loaded with the substantial food which the kitchens of Mrs. Beers had been preparing for thirty-six hours, since the swift messenger brought the news from Salem of the ride. And there were appetites quite of the heroic order, ready for the feast. There were cups of tea from Eastern vintages, such as only Salem merchants could have furnished from their most secret stores. Neither ladies nor gentlemen declined flip, which was brought in hot, from minute to minute. Nobody, let it be said, drank more of the tempting stimulant than was good for

him ; and after half an hour or more of such refreshments, they returned like so many playful giants to the scene of their amusement. Four hours more of stiff dancing, and then Harry Curwen, mounting upon the seat of an armchair, which he drew from a corner, announced in a mock heroic speech that he was sorry to say that the dance was at an end.

The ladies rushed upstairs, that they need not hinder their attendants. The gentlemen found their boots, went out to the stables, and assisted in harnessing their own horses ; and so by the light of a half moon, which was just rising as they stood upon the steps of the tavern, they started for their homeward ride. And there was now more singing than ever. Every thing was gay, and, as between four and five o'clock in the morning the gentlemen bade the ladies good-bye, on the steps of one and another hospitable home in Salem, it was agreed that there had never been so successful a sleigh ride since the memory of man.

What passed between Sarah Parris and

Harry Curwen, on this ride, this writer cannot tell. This is because he does not know. But he does not believe that anything passed which the excited novel reader would call critical. He thinks that the talk was now grave, and now gay, now personal, and now rambling, over the various features of the entertainment in which the two had been directors. Sometimes Harry Curwen would skirmish up to the very edge of finding out how far Miss Parris was enraged, and then, the young man, who was not, after all, so skillful as he thought he was, would find out that they were talking about the blue ribbons on Miss Crowninshield's dress. Sometimes he fancied that the inevitable scolding, which he knew that he deserved, was going to come; and just then they would emerge from the wood, through which they had been riding, and the glory of the moonlight upon the ice below them would call out one of her enthusiastic shouts of joy, and she would compel him to join her in wonder that the world could be so beautiful. On the whole, as she gave him both hands in bidding him good-bye, Harry Curwen felt that all would be well

in the future between them ; and he drove his span of bays to the stables, and gave his last orders to Knapp, the hostler, much more cheerfully than he had given them in the morning, when he had gone around to be sure that the equipage would be ready in time.

## CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS Sarah Parris, as she gave both hands to Harry and as she went upstairs, did not consider that the "incident was exhausted" as entirely as he did. But, with the same self-control which she had exercised ever since the sudden announcement of the sleigh ride, she held herself on pleasant thoughts, of the various successes of the party; and she fairly laughed aloud, as to her poor sleepy aunt she told its brief history. For, as the girl went to her own bedroom, she stopped for a moment to tell Mrs. Whitman that all was well, and that they had all returned safely after a "perfectly splendid time."

The reader may believe it or not, but true it is that the good girl undressed herself quickly, did not stop a moment to look out at the moon, knelt by her bedside, repeated her accustomed prayer, and in less than a minute was sound asleep. If the ride and conversa-

tion with Harry Curwen had seemed to her in any sense critical, the crisis was not one which hindered much the regular course of her healthy life. Nor had she any dreams which she remembered, whether of sleigh bells or of sunset, whether of flip or roasted turkey, whether of "country bumpkin" or of courtly cavalier. She slept the sleep of the righteous and of the young; dreamless, and indeed motionless, until at noon her Aunt Huldah wakened her, and asked her if she thought she were enough rested to dress herself for dinner.

The girl started with amazement that she had slept all the morning. Such a thing had never happened since she could remember. And, as dinner went by, she constantly turned the laugh upon herself by calling herself the sluggard and the aunt of the sluggard. Dear stately old General Thomas, who at three score and ten maintained the elegance of manners which he had picked up when he was with the fleet before Louisburg, asked her, as he always did, who was the belle. And, to the admiring group of aunt and grand-aunt,

grand-uncle and cousins, she told the story of the great sleigh ride. She left out what she chose, she exaggerated where she thought it fair, and sometimes she would say that she was the belle, and sometimes that Jane Endicott was. He said that he knew less of the party at the end of her story than he knew at the beginning. But all of them knew that she had well enjoyed it all, and the old general made to her the compliment, which he had made a thousand times before, that she had brought her roses through all the brighter for their exposure to the night air. All which, indeed, was true.

Was all this gayety and raillery the natural outgrowth of a night of good sleep and of sound health, well fed and indulged in plentiful supplies of oxygen and exercise? Or was there in it, not noticed even by those who loved her, the least possible element—just a flavor—of defiance? Was here the stout, staunch determination of a brave girl, who had highly determined that she would measure herself against the world; and meant to begin by showing to the world that she would take



hold of the first duty which came along, and would do it thoroughly well? Who shall say? Not this writer.

Only this is sure, that after a generous dinner which Aunt Huldah had ordered with personal care—after lounging with the rest in the great parlor—Miss Sarah excused herself in the rather formal fashion of that day, and found her way to her own bedroom, where, in the indulgence which waited on all her wishes there, she was permitted to have always her own fire.

As if she were foreordained to do this thing, as if she were the daughter of Jephthah advancing in a sort of triumph to the altar, she crossed the room to the table where her Bible lay, she took from a drawer a little ink bottle and uncorked it, drew from another drawer a large sheet of paper, such as people used in those days of enormous postages, and began to write. She addressed her letter to Mr. Manasseh Cutler, who is gratefully remembered in our time as being one of the handful of men who made the first arrangements for planting Ohio.

SALEM, February 15, 1790.

MY DEAR MR. CUTLER : I come to you to claim your promise sooner than you supposed ; and though we parted in joke, I am now writing in earnest. I have made up my mind to go to the Muskingum. I told you that I should. Will you make inquiry for me, and find some family whom you like, and who would be willing to take me with them as one of their party ? Do not be afraid but what I can bear rough life as well as anybody. I shall make no trouble for any one. I will do my share of the work on the way.

When we come to the settlement it will be time for me to see if they want me to teach the school. Very likely they have somebody much better fitted than I ; but it will be hard if I cannot make myself of use, as my poor mother would have been proud to have had me do ; and if the worst comes to the worst, I can return again to Essex County.

I am wholly in earnest in what I write, and I want to be sure to go as soon as the soonest go.

My dear Mr. Cutler, I can never thank you enough for your kindness to my poor mother, and to my brothers, and you see that I trust to that same kindness now. Your own little girl,

SARAH PARRIS.

The girl wrote without the slightest hesitation, and in fact the letter had burned itself into her mind before she began. For, really, she had been thinking of it these two days, and it was the certainty that she was going to take this stroke, and to cut herself off from all

the life she had been living until now, which had given that sort of calmness and decision to her movements, even in preparing for the frolic and in the frolic itself, which, afterward, her friends remembered. But she did not propose to take into her confidence, even now, her uncle or her aunts, or, indeed, anybody in the household. It would be time enough for that when the good parson's letter came.

Sarah Parris had indeed the right to make her own determination where she would go and where she would live. The girl hardly remembered her father, who had never recovered from the exposure which he had gone through at Valley Forge in the terrible winter with the army there. With her mother she had been almost a sister, and the death of her mother, when she was but seventeen or eighteen years old, had made a mark in her character which was never effaced. But, as perhaps the reader has seen already, the girl was sprightly and brave, and knew how to take life on the best terms. She had come, as soon as her mother had died, to the home of her Aunt Huldah. She had entered into the life and duties of the

home with heart and spirit, and she knew that she was indeed one of the family, so long as she chose to stay there. They would have said she was of use to them with the younger children, and all this was true. But, really, she had never meant to stay in that home always, and live the listless life of a petted niece. She knew very well that if she had discussed this with her aunt or uncle, they would have urged her to stay. But there was an element of adventure in her blood, and she was not disposed to live in this world without seeing more of it than she had seen in Wenham or in Salem. And, in the forty-eight hours which had passed before the sleigh ride on St. Valentine's day, she had determined that she might cut the knot of her destiny now as well as ever. In this determination she had written to her old friend, Parson Manasseh Cutler.

When the letter was written she made no hesitation or delay. She read it over to be sure of her spelling and punctuation, folded it in a way in which no girl of this end of this century could fold it, but in a way which was then one of the accomplishments of a lady or

gentlemen. She sealed it, as no girl of this generation could seal it, but as every lady and gentleman was trained to seal a letter then, and then addressed it. She put no stamp upon it, for there had not been a stamp in America since 1763, and would not be for generations after. She did not dare carry it to the post office, for if she had been seen to put it into the box, all Salem would have been discussing that evening the question whom Sarah Parris had written to, and what she had said. It was necessary for her to wait until night, before she confided it to the secrecy of the public mail.

But, as soon as the sun set, she put on her hood and mantle, and walked down to the village. She bought herself some trifles which were kept for sale in the house of the Seven Gables, and, returning after dark, passed the post office, and so put her letter into the open slit of the door. When the postmaster appeared at nine o'clock, and handled the five letters which he found in the box, he looked at her bold writing without recognizing it, shook the letter and held it to the light, but was not

then able to tell his wife the name of the person who wrote this letter in his mail of that day. The letter was carried to Newburyport to wait its chances there for three or four days, and by the end of a week it arrived at the house of Parson Cutler, which was perhaps ten miles from that of the writer.

And so in due course of return mail, after the parson had had time to make the inquiry which she wished, his answer came to the patient girl.

It was all she could ask. He had himself taken pains to ride across to West Newbury, to see some people there, in whom he had confidence, who were going to join the party. They would be well pleased to admit her as a partner with them in their adventure, and every detail was given which she would need for her outfit and her other preparations. Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb were people in whom he had entire confidence, they had two or three young children with them, of whom they would be glad that she should take a part of the charge; and so far as comfort could be predicted of life in an emigrant's wagon, for a journey of

six hundred or seven hundred miles, she might be sure of comfort ; at all events she would be sure of safety.

When it was announced in family council that Sarah had a letter by mail, the excitement was equal to that which would be felt in any well-established household in Salem to-day, if a large square box had been sent from the English steamer in Boston, marked "By order of the Queen," and left by the American Express at the door. Probably Sarah had never had five letters by mail in her life, and probably, indeed, the women of the household would not receive five in the next two years. She had expected the excitement which the letter would cause, and when it was at last brought up to her from her uncle's store on the wharf, from which the tidings of its arrival had already been received, she called the family around her, before she opened it, and explained to them the subject. Every one of them grew pale with surprise, dear Aunt Huldah threw her arms around the girl and broke into tears. The scene was just such as she had anticipated ;

but she had now had days upon days in which to forecast what it would be and what she would say, and she bore herself bravely through it all. She told her dear Aunt Huldah that she must not think she was going away forever. What had happened was this; that she was determined to see more of the world; they had often laughed about it, and, in their laughing about it, she had been more serious than they thought. She was determined to go now, and they would see how she was going. Thus she broke the letter open and revealed to them its contents.

Of course it was not long before the whole of Salem knew her secret. There was no reason why it should be secret, and the girl had faced this possibility as she had faced all the rest of the adventure. The passage in it which had the one thrill for her of keen excitement was the inevitable visit of Harry Curwen.

That visit came at eight o'clock in the evening of the day of the arrival of the letter. Harry came into the room playing with his little cane, and affecting to be in high spirits ;



but Aunt Huldah knew, and Sarah knew, this was but affectation. He did not so much as take off his coat. He said at once :

“I thought, perhaps, Sarah, you would walk with me. The road is dry. The night is lovely, and I have something I want to say to you.”

He was too intimate in the house to be afraid to be frank ; in two minutes the girl was with him in the street. Then he was eager ; he was passionate. Why had she done such a thing as this, without letting him have a word ? Had he not some rights that no one else had ? And the girl, with dignity, said that she did not know that he had any, and did not know why he should claim any. To which Harry replied in an eager protestation of his affection. He supposed that she understood that he could not live without her, and did not pretend he could live without her. He had not supposed that she was like a girl in a book, who wanted to see him on his knees, or to hear any protestations in words. But he had tried to show in a thousand ways

that her pleasure was his pleasure, and that he did nothing in life which he did not associate with her. Now he came, on the first instant that he heard this folly, to say that if he had done wrong he was sorry. He was hers, and he was only hers, as she perfectly well knew. Would she take him, bear with him, love him, and let him show as life went by that if he had not offered himself to her in the right way at first, the offer was none the less sincere ?

It would not be fair to say that Sarah was not affected by the dignity which, after all, this spoiled child managed to throw into his protestations of attachment. It would not be fair to say that she was not proud that he had at last made the declaration which he had been so sluggish in making, and which he had been willing to leave unmade. But if she were proud, or if in any way she were pleased, she did not let him know that. She simply said that he had no right to presume upon any good-nature of hers. She said that they had all lived a simple life, as he had said ; and that he had no right to charge her with showing

him any more regard, than she would have shown to any one else with whom she was on friendly terms of daily intimacy.

The poor boy interrupted her to say that he made no charge at all.

Then, she went on to say that she was honored, as any woman might be honored, by what he was pleased to say to her. But, with a good deal of dignity, and with words which he never forgot, she said that she thought he had no right to ask any woman to be his wife. She told him that he was a spoiled child ; she told him that he lived merely to amuse himself ; she told him that if in amusing himself he played with other people, he did not seem to care a great deal for them. She told him, in short, that he had no right to ask any woman to marry him, while he was a butterfly, playing around the life of the world, which he seemed to her to be. "I cannot see," said she, "that you are of any use to any body. I do not see that this world is better because you live in it. I do not choose that my husband should be a man who cannot stand before God and men, and say : 'I am doing

some service to the country to which I belong.' ”

Such was,—condensed, only too severely, for the purposes of this little tale,—the substance of the sharp dismissal which, in that night's walk, Master Harry Curwen received from Miss Sarah Parris.

### CHAPTER III.

IN a thousand discussions, renewed morning, evening, and night, about the probabilities and the possibilities of Sarah Parris's journey, the conversation turned most often on what sort of a woman Mrs. Titcomb was most likely to be. To this undecided problem, Aunt Huldah and Mrs. General Thomas and the girls returned two or three times a day, while the preparations went forward.

"But, Aunt Huldah," said the laughing Sarah, as she laid out in the sun a pile of clothing she was marking, "you did not wonder half so much what sort of a man the mate of Robert's ship was to be. Now, Robert was to be under the mate three years, but I shall only be under Mrs. Titcomb for three months, or Madame Titcomb; perhaps she is Madame Titcomb," the girl added with mock courtesy.

"You will not be under her a minute and a half," replied her admiring aunt, with a fond

look upon the girl which meant: "You were never under any body in your life, and are not apt to be." "But I tell you it is one thing to sleep at one end of a ship——"

"In a comfortable forecandle," laughed the girl.

"To sleep in one end of the ship, whether it is comfortable or uncomfortable," thus persisted Aunt Huldah, "and to know that the mate is sleeping at the other end. Now, that is one thing. Half the time you do not see your first mate, and half the time you forget there is any. But your Mrs. Titcomb, you see her every minute, and like enough hear her, when you get up and when you lie down, as the Scripture says, 'when you go out and when you come in.'"

"And you will hear her," groaned elegant Mrs. General Thomas, "with her 'I be' and 'I vum,' and 'Be ye goin' to do this, Sarey?' and 'Be ye goin' to do that?'"

All of them laughed, but the irrepressible Sarah laughed most of all. Mrs. Titcomb should not be abused in advance, she said. She did not doubt that she was a French lady, a

maid of honor of Marie Antoinette. She knew all the ways of court. Probably Mr. Titcomb had carried a load of codfish to Versailles and sold it, and Miss Adèle had fallen in love with him and eloped with him. "She shall teach me French, dear Aunt Huldah, and I will teach her pure Yankee, with the true Essex County accent."

Such rattle as this gave a special interest to the fatal moment at Andover, when the elegant cortége which accompanied Sarah Parris on her first stage from Salem arrived there. General Thomas took the girl in his own chaise. Other carriages followed, in which were the various boxes, bags, and other luggage which it was hoped Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb would receive in their wagon. More than one of the girls who had danced in the Valentine's Day party had come to say good-bye. And, as they all stood by the side door of the great stage house in Andover, and Sarah bade one and another good-bye, it was clear that they would have made of themselves a very pretty colony, if they only would all persevere to the new home.

At last, Silas Gilman came running to announce that the wagons were in sight, and, sure enough, a train of four or five canvas-topped "ships of the prairie," as they were afterward called, filed by on the main road below them. One of these detached itself from the caravan, and came slowly up the hill.

Two spirited boys, each on horseback, rode up in advance. They swung themselves off their horses, and, a little shyly, approached the curious group who stood on the piazza. These were Moses Titcomb and his younger brother Cephas, with whom, as the year went on, Sarah Parris had much to do. The elder boy introduced himself to General Thomas, who stood a little in advance, and explained that it was his father's wagon which was coming up the hill. A minute more, and General Thomas was assisting Mrs. Titcomb to alight, with the same courtesy, as Sarah could not but observe, even in that critical moment, with which he would have given his hand to the Queen of France, who was at that moment the idol of all Young America. And then, a little confused, good Mrs. Titcomb turned and



looked around, along the bevy of girls, to see which was to be her partner for the next three months. For there had been quite as much discussion in the Titcomb camp as there had been in the house of Parris.

Sarah stepped forward, and the sensible, good-natured, shy, motherly woman took the girl to her arms and to her heart at once. She looked at her with admiration, and then, as if she broke the bonds of her native reserve, kissed her eagerly. "My dear girl," she said, "I shall not be afraid of you a minute now." And they both laughed heartily and the critical introduction was over. Aunt Huldah came forward and shook hands with Mrs. Titcomb, and with her husband, who had now appeared from the heads of the horses. Then began the negotiations as to where Sarah's baskets and boxes could be swung and packed away; this one beneath an axletree, which had been reserved for it, that one from a crossbar, in the top of a wagon, this and that parcel under the feet of Miriam and of Polly, and so on, and so on. Clearly enough, Sarah had a friend at court in Mrs. Titcomb, and she

would not hear—no, not of a pin, being left behind. Sarah had, in her mind, divided her luggage, as skilful travellers will, into the “must be” and the “may be” sections; but, with good Mrs. Titcomb every thing was “must be.” And she said that even if they left behind them the bag of beans for the horses, everything of Sarah’s should go till the last inch of the journey. This was a good beginning, and it was a beginning which was not too bright a dawn for the ninety days which followed.

Readers of these degenerate days, if they are east of the Alleghanies, have, I am afraid, never seen “a ship of the prairie.” If they have the good luck to live west of the Missouri River, they know what was the vessel in which our pretty heroine was embarked. It was a strongly built wagon, not very different from any other large four-wheeled cart in its “hull,” but attracting the notice of all eyes by its long, broad, white canvas cover, which was, indeed, a long tent stretched on large ash hoops fastened to the sides of the wagon. The country butcher’s wagon of our day is a miniature em-

igrant's wagon, but that the top should swell out on both sides, and project over the driver's seat in the front, and far back beyond the rear of the cart itself. It will easily be seen that such projections gave additional shelter from the sun and from the rain. Under the seats of this roomy wagon every sort of store was crowded. There must be something for the horses who drew the machine, and for those which were ridden by the boys, for they might come to places where there would be neither grazing, nor corn nor grain to be bought. For the rest, every essential which the experience of the early settlers had suggested, which would be needed in the building up of the new home on the Muskingum, was packed away somewhere.

Of these stores, the older Cephas Titcomb, the father, was the nominal steward, but, in fact, dear Mrs. Titcomb knew better than he did, where this or that could be found—from a horseshoe round to a Bible, if there should be a sudden demand. The wheels were quite high, and space was thus given under the wagon for slinging several boxes or trunks

from the axletrees. Rifles and shotguns, with one or two pistols, and Cephas Titcomb's old cavalry sabre, hung from hooks on the right and left, above the heads of the women, as they sat in the wagon. At night, by simple enough processes, the body of the wagon became a bed on which the women folk slept, arranging their places according to size or other conveniences.

For the men, they spread bearskins or wolfskins, having the shelter of the wagon to creep under if the night should be rainy, or, as sometimes happened, as they crossed the higher ridges, if the snow were falling. When morning came, the frying-pan and tea-kettle were lifted down from the hooks on which they hung, and the fire in the open air, made by the earliest boy, was ready to prepare the hot water for the invariable cup of tea, and the coals for the inevitable salt pork.

If by good luck there were eggs, why there were eggs, and Mrs. Titcomb and Sarah vied with each other in showing in how many ways eggs could be cooked. As they went on, in-

deed, their skill in using their scanty kitchen equipage, under the hindrances for preparation, and of open air life, and with its advantages for appetite, became greater and greater. They arranged with each other to take turns day in and day out, as cooks for the day, and the boys soon loyally ranged themselves under Sarah's banner, in a determination that her days should not be inferior to those directed by the world-renowned skill of their mother. Foragers before and behind would bring in a squirrel or rabbit, or possibly a stray wild turkey. If these failed, there was the infallible salt pork, and on Sundays, with the regular recurrence of the sacred seventh day, there was a pot of baked beans. For, however one place or another place in this world may be rated for its loyalty or its disloyalty to that article of food, Essex County, which these travellers were leaving forever, will always be the central shrine of its most sacred worship.

No, Emma, no, Lily, this story cannot last forever, like a Chinese comedy, as you and I would be glad to have it. So that if you want

to know where they washed their hands every morning, when they walked, and when they rode, when the side saddle was fitted for Sarah, or when she and the boys tramped on far in advance, over muddy roadways, you must call up some spirit by the hands of a successful medium, or you must burrow in the old chest, where are left the diaries and letters of a forgotten generation. We must hurry on and bring them to their destiny. For I will confess to you here that they were not drowned, as they crossed the Hudson, they were not murdered in Jersey, they did not die of scarlet fever in Bethlehem, they were not poisoned in Allentown, they were not caught under a snowdrift and frozen to death on the crest of the Alleghanies, and they did not die of despair, when they came to the western waters, and found them too low for navigation. Here is just one little scrap from a letter of Sarah's to her Aunt Huldah which you may read first, Emma, and then you may pass it over to Lily, and that shall be all the detail of the long journey to the Alleghany River ;

MY DEAR AUNT HULDAH :

I would write at the top of my letter, in the true epistolary style, where I am, if I only knew. But all that I do know, is that we have crossed what they call the watershed and are well on the western side of the famous Alleghany Mountains. And I know this, that last night the boys were talking Dutch with a Dutchman who lived at a place called Stillings. But what his name is, dear aunt, I do not know. So now you are as wise as I am. We have had a funny adventure with the Dutchman's dog, and I will tell you this first of all, though it is not very important. He had this pretty little dog which he was very fond of. They played with it last night, and fed it, and made it lap milk. For you must know that we have as good milk as you have. Our two cows have not given out at all since we started. There was one night when they could not keep up with us, but, excepting that, we have had milk all the time. Well, this morning, I do not know how, somebody took the little dog and put him under the seat of the wagon, and there he went to sleep, and we did not find him until we had gone a good many miles. Then, Cephas had to ride all the way back with him, for fear they should think we had stolen him. Somehow, Cephas missed the Dutchman's son, and he has just now brought us a funny letter written in the worst English I ever did see, expressing his surprise at our ingratitude. But Cephas will be back soon, to tell us that he has saved our reputation, though we have lost our little dog.

Now, I will begin my story. All the way through the Bay, people run out to see us, and our wagon, which was such a strange sight to them, and in Connecticut, too, we were quite famous, but after we came into Jersey, people did not mind

us any more than you mind Parson Bentley's chaise. For there are a great many wagons going forward and we fell in with some almost every day, for we go faster than most of them do, having such good horses. Of course we go faster than people with oxen do, and I must confess also, that we go faster than those who have yokes of cows—as one man had whom we passed yesterday. One day I do the cooking, and one day my dear Miriam does ; for, do you know, I have learned to call Mrs. Titcomb, Miriam, and we have not been afraid of each other since that very first minute when I left you at Andover.

And my dear Aunt Huldah, you will be proud of your own little girl, for I really believe that I am almost as good a tent-keeper as you are a housekeeper. It is not for nothing that you have taught me to keep pots and kettles clean. Miriam is not ashamed of me at all, and I am not at all ashamed of my breakfasts or dinners. We are not getting on as fast as Mr. Titcomb expected we should, but as I say, we are getting on faster than most of them do, and for my part, I like the life. I walk every day three-quarters of the way ; I have often walked fifteen miles. Then the boys are very eager that I shall ride, and some days I have ridden all the way. We have a side saddle for me and for Miriam, but she rather prefers what she calls the luxury of the wagon. We make a long halt in the middle of the day, for the sun is beginning to be hot, and it is better for the beasts. This gives a chance for the cows to come up, and for the boys to go off for their shooting. In fact, both of my boys are away now. I hear every now and then the crack of their guns, so I shall be quite ashamed of them if they do not bring us in a rabbit or



two for our supper. We have a good deal of time for our reading, and it will quite surprise you to know how learned we are beginning to be. Do you know, dear aunt, that your dear Mr. Cowper can be quite as jolly as he can be sorry. Miriam has brought with her a newspaper in which there is the funniest song, or sort of ballad, rather, that you ever did see. It is about the adventure of a man who went out on a frolic with his wife and never came near her from the minute they started from his house in London, because his horse ran away with him. She will give me a copy of it and I will send it to you, when we come to the Muskingum. When that will be I will not——

And here the reader must give up this little day by day gossip, for, alas! the long yellow page has given way here, by much folding backward and forward, as different loving descendants have read the story, and so we are not able to print the autograph of Sarah Parris, in the nineteenth year of her age, as we would be glad to do.

But a good geographer, who chooses to plot on the map of Pennsylvania, the route which they were following, from such hints as he can get from the diaries of other emigrants and from this story about the Dutchman, will see that they were nearly at their land journey's

end. It was not many days after Sarah had written this letter before they came out on the Alleghany River, and here they were to build for themselves an "ark of safety" which was to float them the rest of the way. Here, therefore, a camp was made, while Mr. Titcomb and one or two of the men who went with him, with some other pioneers from old Newbury,—men all of them skilful in woodcraft, indeed in shipbuilding,—should frame and build the boat which took its name from Noah's, in which they were to complete their voyage. For the women and children, this fortnight in July, spent under canvas, in a delicious climate, would rest after the fatigue of travelling, and rest with a sort of feeling that they were back in shepherd life again. Our modern life knows no such harbors in the midst of our daily storms, but the men and women of a hundred years ago were none the worse, that they lay land-locked thus, sometimes for two or three weeks or more at a time.

## CHAPTER IV.

**I**N the whole mass of letters there is not one line from Sarah Parris to Harry Curwen, nor one line written by him to her. But, on removing the faded goatskin cover, which some prudent hand had sewed on the Bible which the girl carried from Salem to the Muskingum, there was found a little note—billet, it was called in those days—in which he asked her to accept a farewell present. The present was a basket fitted with knives and forks and spoons, which he had carried more than once when they went on a picnic together.

In all the little familiar tea parties which Salem sadly made by way of bidding good-bye to Miss Parris, Mr. Curwen never appeared. He had gone to New York, it was said, and, though Salem was apt to know the business of everybody in Salem rather better than he knew himself, Salem did not know why he was gone. No letters came from him, or, if they did, the

postmaster had not recognized the handwriting. So it was, that excepting for the picnic basket and for that little billet which was happily preserved, Sarah Parris had no good-bye from Harry Curwen.

A hundred years have lifted some mysteries, so that there is no reason why I should not tell both of you, dear Lily and dear Emma, what Mr. Harry Curwen had done with himself.

First of all he had written the little billet, and had sent off the basket with the silver spoons and knives and forks, to the young lady. Second, he had gone to Boston, and had spent two or three days there in conference with his father's old military friends. He had obtained from them letters of introduction to General Knox in New York. Then he took the stage to Providence, and from Providence with a northeast wind he took the packet *Lady Washington* and sailed for the city of New York. Three days after he found himself at Francis's hotel in that city. It was then the seat of government of the United States. Washington had taken his first oath of office as President, not one year before.

Harry Curwen dressed himself in his best, and called upon his old friend Colonel Timothy Pickering, to whom he told his plans. The colonel advised him as men of forty will sometimes advise men of twenty. That is, he advised him to change all his plans and go home. But by this advice Harry Curwen was not moved. He asked Colonel Pickering, also, to give him an introduction to General Knox, which he could not refuse. Now, General Knox was at this time the Secretary of War to the new-born nation. And, as soon as Colonel Pickering had written the note to General Knox, Harry Curwen repaired thither.

The general was most kind. There had been no need, he said, that our friend Harry should bring him letters. Frederic Curwen's son needed no introduction to him. He went back to old days when the young man's father was in college. "And after those days, my dear young man, he would come into the store in King Street, it was King Street then, and we would talk of everything, of your dear mother, my boy, of your aunts and your uncles—why, I knew Salem as well as your

father knew Cambridge and Boston, and what could I say more? Then at Morristown, why, Harry, where did I not know him? No, indeed, his boy needs no letter to me." This was all very nice and flattering, and Harry went bravely on to tell his business. But instantly General Knox's smile died away, his forehead wrinkled itself, and he could hardly let the young man finish his appeal.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Curwen, ask for anything but a commission. Every one wants a commission, and there is no commission to give any one. See here, and here, and here, each of these is a file of applications for commissions. Each separate paper is an application. The recommendations are yonder," and he pointed across the room. "If I were our august ally, King Louis, himself," and now he laughed again, "I should not have commissions enough for these young men who want them."

"But these young men," said Curwen boldly, "want to kick their heels here in garrison. I do not. I want to see service, I want to see life. General, I want to do what

you did, and my father; I want to begin. Remember, you showed me how."

"That is prettily said, my boy," said the veteran, who was not himself forty years old. "And if these days were those days, you should have had your commission and should have been in your regimentals before now. We did not wait long then for papers, or for service. But these are days of peace, alas! so much the worse for you and me.

"No, my lad, if it is to the Ohio or Kentucky you would go, you must go and talk with Parson Cutler, by your own home, or to Mr. Symmes here. For me, I have not power to send one enlisted man there, far less an ensign. I hate to say no to you, but truly there is nothing else to say."

So Harry Curwen experienced the second sharp rebuff he had received within a week. As he passed out through the door, which was held open for him by a courtly black man, and in the raw northeast wind, stepped out upon the stoop, he remembered bitterly enough, that it was just at that hour that day week that he had heard in Salem of Sarah Parris's intention.

Slowly enough he returned to Francis's and, with little enough interest, entered on the business which came next his hand, which was the eating of his supper. Then, with a group of young Virginians who had come on to see the Congress, he went to the theatre and tried to amuse himself with the remorse and punishment of George Barnwell, and, afterward, with the humor and music of the Beggars' Opera. But these things, which would have seemed to him very brilliant ten days ago, seemed very stupid now, and the Southerners found him a poor companion. He left them early and went back to the inn and to his bed.

Morning brought courage and counsel. He made his plan, and from that moment life seemed tolerable to him. He could not follow it out until afternoon, but he was sure it would succeed then. So he hired a boat and bade the man take him to Brooklyn, and up the river to Harlem, and across to the Jersey side. He found the man was an old veteran, willing enough to spend the morning in pointing out this and that memorial of the war. As they walked and talked, the morning passed by,



and Harry Curwen knew that he was nearer and nearer the issue which he waited.

Two o'clock came and he walked boldly to the house which had been shown to him the day before as the President's. On the sidewalk, and even in the street, was quite a crowd of the people who had most curiosity and least occupation, and Harry was not displeased to see this; for it showed him that he had been rightly informed, and that this was the President's reception day.

The young fellow's good fortune had not deserted him. This means that he came alone, as it happened, no one else appeared at the same moment. An usher led him to the door of the large reception room, where the President was standing, whom Harry recognized at the moment; he had seen him the year before, when he had made his progress through the Eastern States. General Knox and Colonel Pickering were both standing near Washington.

Even at that moment, all strung up as he was by the audacity of his own determination, and by the miracle of his own success thus far, young Master Harry Curwen noticed a certain

shyness of manner which never deserted George Washington on occasions of ceremony. If he had a poacher to thrash, a servant to scold, a regiment to lead, an army to rally, or an enemy to send packing, Washington was in no sort shy. But, when he was in the midst of the etiquettes of elegant social life, even to the end of his career, there would appear just a shade of the not unbecoming diffidence, with which the fatherless Virginian boy, trained in the field sports of the Rappahannock farm, may have first met Lord Fairfax in his lordship's drawing-room. Harry Curwen had found himself sufficiently bold in Governor Bowdoin's drawing-room, or in Mr. Crowninshield's. Still his audacity was not so great but that his voice quivered a little as he said to the man whom he believed to be the greatest in the world :

"Let me introduce myself, Mr. President. My name is Curwen. I come from Salem, in Massachusetts Bay."

"I thought I was not wrong," said the President, who did not, however, take the outstretched hand which Curwen had half pre-

sented a little awkwardly. "You were one of the marshals last summer, when we rode out to see the new bridge—the bridge to Beverly."

Curwen was surprised now, and, of course, was flattered. He was at his best—one always is when he speaks to a great man—and frankly expressed his surprise that the president should have remembered him.

"I believe I remember you, sir, because I remember your father. Indeed, sir, I do not forget how he died." And after conquering his own shyness thus, as Washington could do sometimes, under strong emotion, he asked how long the young man had been in New York, and if he were travelling to the southward.

But, of course, Harry's luck could not last forever. Before he could answer, other visitors swept in, and it was impossible for him to keep a place, which would arrest their passage.

The etiquette, however, did not require that he should leave the room. He was able to speak to Colonel Pickering and General Knox, and he joined a party of his friends of

the evening before, who were chatting in a corner. All the time he watched the great man, as, indeed, they all did. And at last Harry's moment came again.

He saw that the tide of visitors was ebbing ; for a moment the President was disengaged, and even turned to speak to a friend, who left him as if on a commission. With the audacity of youth, Harry crossed the room and said at once :

" Mr. President, you are kind to young men ; I want to ask you what General Knox has refused me."

Washington was amazed but amused. " General Knox and I are good friends, Mr. Curwen. We have fought many battles together—we are apt to be on one side."

The young man smiled and bowed, but persisted. " I asked General Knox to let me go to the Ohio, and he does not want me."

Again the great man laughed. " It is the Congress that does not want you. I believe that my poor General Harmar would be glad of a thousand as good as you."

" Mr. President," persisted the boy, " I am

more in earnest than you think. General Knox showed me a thousand begging letters from young men who would be ensigns. General Washington, tell me—is there one of them who wants to serve as I do, for the honor of serving my country and you? I want to see service. I want to serve as you did. I want to serve as a volunteer, and General Knox thinks there is not room for me in the Northwest Territory”—this almost proudly. “I do not ask for a penny. I do not ask for a horse. I do not ask even for a chance for promotion. I only ask to serve my country under such an officer as George Washington puts over me.”

The boy had lost all shyness, as the reader sees. The man looked on his glowing face, and remembered his own “Light Horse Harry,” and his almost son, young John Custis, who died at Yorktown. He turned to look for Knox, who had left the group, and was standing among some members of Congress, in the embrasure of a window. But they scattered when the unexpected happened, and the President himself rapidly crossed

half the room and put his hand on Knox's shoulder.

"Knox, you remember this boy's father. But you were not with us when we lost him. I never forget the last words he said to me. He bowed, on his horse and said: 'It shall be as you say, General,' and rode away. It was as I said; but they told me he was dead when they brought the news. Here is his son, he seems a good follow."

Knox assured him that Harry had distinguished himself at college, and was highly esteemed among young men. "The blood is the best in Essex County. Some of them were Tories, but then—I have been talking with Pickering about him."

"Knox, this is the kind of fellow to encourage. Keep him with you a few weeks, then send him with despatches to Harmar. He is a volunteer. You need not get him on any roll."

Knox laughed, as between themselves these two men did. "Your Excellency, I will make Mrs. Knox take him home with us. I will treat him as you did the Marquis."

And Washington went back to his station. He beckoned to Curwen and bade him talk to General Knox. And so all we care for of the reception was over.

So youth and audacity and sentiment had their way, as they will, where prudence and propriety and what is called reason fail. Happily for us who live in the world, this often happens, more often than men choose to believe. And so it was that Harry Curwen saw the interior of the little war office of that day, and then that he was sent to Philadelphia and Lancaster on government commissions. The details of this journey and what followed must be left to another chapter, for it is time that the reader should know what has become of Sarah Parris, who was the real lodestar of Harry Curwen's adventure. If the grave men whom he thought veterans—Washington, who had arrived at the fabulous age of fifty-seven; Knox, who, as has been said, was almost forty; and Pickering, who was a veteran a year or two older—if these grave old men suspected that a pretty woman was at the bottom of this adventure, they had no immediate evidence

that this was so. Curwen kept his own counsel, and in the zeal of his volunteering told none of th' secrets of his heart to his advisers.



## CHAPTER V.

IT was a week or ten days after the departure of the "ship of the prairie," with Sarah Parris and her earthly possessions, that a sailor—young, sun-burned, cleanly shaven—presented himself at the side door of the Whitman house at Salem, and knocked. After he had knocked, he looked curiously up to the heavens, with a serious smile. It seemed to intimate that he had himself been advised with as the trees had been set to their work of the spring-time, and that he had himself suggested the special fringes of opening elm buds which were growing larger every day. One would have thought, also, that the special tint of the blue had been given in accord with his particular fancy. The smile seemed to intimate his satisfaction with the success which had been attained by any power which had the direction of these particulars.

To young readers, in closely built towns, to-

day, it must be explained that the side door was the "practicable" door, as the acting play-wright says, of the house. As kings and queens have thrones, on which they sit on occasions of the very highest ceremony, so the Whitman house and every other house in Salem had a front door, opening upon a little passage between two patches of grass, now growing green. But, as kings and queens usually sit on chairs, as all other people do, except uneasy usurpers, so every person in Salem used the side door of every house on all occasions of life except the most august. Silas Ransom would have been much more likely to enter the Whitman house by any window in it than by the front door.

He had now no reasons for ceremony, however, and on this occasion at the side door he knocked, greatly to the surprise of the good-natured servant who answered the knock. It may be noticed in passing that she had never been called a servant, and would have walked out of the house had anybody called her a servant. But as she was one, and acted like one, and did as much work as three or four people

who usually take that name, it may be as well to call her by it, after a hundred years.

She welcomed the cheerful sailor with the surprise with which an unexpected arrival is welcomed.

“Back agin, Silas? Good vige?”

He disdained to answer the low inquiry which accompanied the welcome, except by a nod and smile, and came at once to his object, as if the maid were quite unworthy his attention, and knew she was, as indeed she did.

“Miss Sally ’t’ome?” And then he was overwhelmed by the long explanation of the girl, intermingled with her surprise that he did not know, what all Salem knew and what all the county knew, that Miss Sally had gone to the Muskingum with some of Parson Cutler’s people; that for her part she did not know why people wanted to go; that she was sure that they would all be scalped by Indians as her own grandfather had been in Lovell’s fight; that she was also sure Miss Sally would never come back again. All which the young seaman received with a certain air of scorn, which intimated that no woman’s opinion was

of the least importance to him or to any one—a scorn, however, which was not consistent with his first words.

“Ef Miss Sally’s gone with Parson Cutler she knows what she’s about. Yeh won’t make her out a fool by sayin’ so. She knows what she’s about ef she’s gone with Parson Cutler.” And he consented to go into the house with the maid, and to share the hospitalities, almost unlimited, of that spacious kitchen, where he was cordially received by the other members of the working staff. He took off the heavy pea-jacket which he wore, and put his knit cap aside. When he was established in the most comfortable chair, he took up his prophecy again:

“Eh knew Parson Cutler myself—that’s long ago—knew him myself.” His pauses were longer than those of most men in easy talk. Always he gave to the hearer the feeling that his short sentences were oracles of wisdom, worth waiting for indeed. And, though this impression was almost never a true one, it had so much foundation in the gravity of the statement, and, above all, in those pauses which

preceded each utterance, that no person who had to deal with him ever escaped its sway. Men listened as if, this time, it were sure that the oracle was one to be remembered.

“Eh knew Parson Cutler myself—that’s long ago. He’s no fool, tell yeh. He knows what he’s about. You’ll see. Went to him one day when I worked at Cabot’s. Carried him some new reddishes old man had. They was new reddishes, from France. Old Cabot sent ’em over to the parson’s. Told me to carry ’em, ’n’ I carried ’em. He knows what he’s about. You’ll see. He’s no fool, tell you. Yes, I knew the parson, Parson Cutler, myself, long ago.” And he paused and looked up at the smoke-jack with that pleased smile which, in this case, made them all suppose that he had made the smoke-jack and was glad to see it again, that all the interview with Parson Cutler had been gracious and hearty, that the radishes, in particular, had been of perfect flavor, and that, in short, that special transaction had been one of the few on which the world turned.

“W’en you say she went, Miss Sally?”

This was the first question with which he broke the silence. And as Temperance Cutts, the cook, began to supply, on the table by which he sat, a substantial repast—which, in his particular case, answered for breakfast, lunch, and dinner combined—he plied his slow questions so definitely, and interspersed his slow oracles so sparingly, that, by the time he was done eating, he had learned every particular concerned with Sarah's Hegira, even to all the details which the wondering maid could give as to the behavior, explicable or inexplicable, of Harry Curwen on that critical and central occasion.

When the nondescript meal was finished, a message came from Mrs. Whitman that she wanted to see Silas Ransom before he went—a message which he had expected. He would not have obtruded himself upon her. But he had come to see Sarah Parris. He had not come to see the confidantes to whom he had been talking, and, failing Sarah Parris herself, he meant to see her aunt. His interview with her was long. He had to explain why he had gone off on a fishing voyage at this unusual

season ; he had to go at considerable length into the folly of the master of the vessel, of the mate, and of all parties concerned but himself ; he had to show why he had been dissatisfied with them, and had left them when they ran into Canso ; he had to tell why it was that he came back alone. And now that he had come back, he had reported, as a perfect matter of course, to Miss Sarah ; for he wanted to know "how Miss Sarah was gettin' on." And he would not undertake to join in another fishing voyage until he had seen her and given her his advice for the summer.

For Silas Ransom had been from his childhood what in old-fashioned times would have been called a retainer in the Parris family. This means that, when he chose, he lived in their house. Often he lived there for wages ; sometimes he lived there without wages. This was for him a matter of comparative indifference. He had always imagined himself, from the time that he was thirteen years old, to be the chief adviser of the family, and in certain matters his advice was certainly good. Sarah's mother, while she lived, never

dreamed of buying her own wood from the farmers who brought wood into Salem, by any means more direct than telling Ransom that she wanted the wood and that he was to buy it. The consequence was that she had the best wood in the market, though perhaps she paid the highest price for it. Silas Ransom was entirely indifferent to price. Going on what has since proved to be the national motto of America, he "got the best" in all his arrangements.

He would not show that he was bitterly disappointed in finding that his pet Miss Sarah had gone off on this mad adventure. He would not, to Mrs. Whitman, by the turn of an eyelash, intimate that he considered the adventure absurd, or that he wondered why Miss Sarah had engaged in it. His loyalty to the family was like the loyalty of Caleb Balderstone, and while he would have criticised Miss Sarah pitilessly to her face, he would not drop a syllable of comment to any person, even her aunt, in her absence.

After he had heard the whole fatal story of her departure, and assured himself that she



had been gone too long for him to cut her off in her march :

"Shall go myself," said the young fellow, after a full minute of silence.

"Oh, no!" the optimistic and amiable lady replied. "You must not think of that. It would take you so long to go and come, and what would become of your fishing?"

"Guess the mackerel can wait," said the sturdy young fellow, with his own grin, implying a certain self-confidence which was quite indifferent to mackerel. "Shall go after Miss Sarah. She'll be all alone out there with them Injuns. Guess the mackerel can wait."

Mrs. Whitman persisted longer than was wise. For if anything were ever needed to confirm Silas Ransom in any fancy which was not yet a resolution, it was opposition.

"Silas, you do not know what a journey it is. It is more than seven hundred miles, and part of it is in a boat; I heard Mr. Titcomb say so."

Again Silas's face beamed with that smile, which intimated that if he intended to walk to

the moon he should walk there. In his only reply in words, delivered, as always, after a moment's consideration, he said :

“Ain't afraid of boats. Was in a dory three nights—fortnight ago. More boats the better. Ef Miss Sarah rode I shall walk. Ef Miss Sarah went in a boat, shall go in a boat. More boats the better. Was in a dory three nights—fortnight ago. Ain't afraid of boats. Never was.”

Mrs. Whitman saw that she had made nothing by her persistency. She yielded, or appeared to yield, to his purpose, as she had often done, thinking wisely that the chances were that the wind might change, of a sudden, and the vane which showed the fancy of a moment might turn round.

“Well, Ransom,” she said, “you will want to get ready. Of course you will stay here while you are in Salem. Take your things up into the north room in the L. That is your room. Nobody has been there since you were here.”

Ransom smiled his thanks, well pleased at the recognition of his place in the family.

The beam of glory came over his face, and he looked for a moment at the center rosette in the plaster work of the ceiling, as if a messenger from above might be expected there. But he only said, after it proved that no such message arrived:

“Thank you, mum; ’ll leave meh jacket there, ’n’ meh tarpaulin, ’n’ Jason’s shoes. But uh shall start after dinner. Miss Sarah’s ahead of me nigh a fortnit now.” He rose, and the audience he had given to Mrs. Whitman was ended.

And that very afternoon the good fellow started on his tramp, the length of which Mrs. Whitman had in no way exaggerated. But he declined all information upon the subject from her, from General Thomas, or the authorities most in repute in Salem. Maps were brought forward, which he would not look at. Indeed, he rejected them with scorn. It was vain to tell him that Miss Sarah joined the Titcombs at Andover, and crossed the State westward from that town. He was going to Boston. He believed all roads ended there, as people of his sort once believed all

roads ended in Rome. He said nothing of his geographical views to any one. But his idea, though unexpressed, was that if all roads ended in Boston, the road to the Muskingum must begin there. He would sail from Boston, he said to himself, as he had in the voyage from which he had just now deserted, after a quarrel with his skipper.

So that afternoon saw him on the Boston road—the same, be it said in passing, that Winthrop passed over six generations before, when he went on that eventful voyage of discovery which, as it proved, transferred the headship of the colony from Nahumkeag or Salem to Boston at the “head of the bay.” Ransom knew every hamlet, and indeed every house, on the way. And, after a tramp of an hour or two toward Boston, he turned up with perfect confidence to a little wooden house which stood a few paces from the road. It did not directly face the road, but seemed to have dropped from heaven where it was. Twenty feet or less from it, standing also as a cubical meteorite might stand, was the wooden shoe-shop, in which the inmates of the house,

when they were disposed to make shoes, turned from their other vocations to that avocation.

Ransom refused the shoe-shop, as a soldier would say, knowing, indeed, perfectly well, that the two shoemakers of that family were at that moment catching cod on the Banks of Newfoundland. He had brought messages from them to the women folks at home.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Tammy?" he said, as he entered the house without knocking.

The old woman dropped the almanac which she was studying, and looked out over her spectacles with amazement.

"Silas Ransom, where be you come from?" She spoke with a certain terror, fearing that her own husband and boy could not come, and asking herself why, as she dared not ask him.

"Come from the Banks," said the sailor, "and come the shortest way. Left Loammi all right, 'n' Cephas. Sent their love 'n' is all right, they says. I wa'n't all right, 'n' uh come away. Told the skipper he was a darned fool, 'n' he was. 'N' he told me ef uh didn't like

uh might go, 'n' uh went. Landed at Canso fust chance, 'n' let 'em go on on the vige. Old man said uh might go, 'n' uh went. Told him he was a fool—a darned fool—'n' he was. So I come away. Left Cephas 'n' the old man aboard the schooner. They was all right, or said they was."

Then he went on with the special messages he had, about the probable period of their return, and in particular about the food which was to be given to certain hens, and the special treatment of their eggs if and when those eggs should appear. As to the time named, Silas expressed his doubts.

"Ketch good?" asked the woman doubtfully.

"Good? I guess so. You'd think so. They ain't no ketch, 'n' they won't be, while that old fool's the skipper. Uh told him so muhself. Told him the fish was all gone to Bay Shaloor, 'n' he must go after 'em. 'N' he didn't. Said he was skipper, 'n' he'd have his own way. Didn't mind word uh said. Told him he must go after 'em. Told him he must go to Bay Shaloor. Told him so, my-

self. Told him ef they stayed w'are they was they wouldn't be no ketch. 'N' they won't be."

But after this gloomy prophecy his face assumed no expression of gravity, but only that conscious glow of self-satisfaction that his skirts were clear. He was, as he had always been, the Cassandra of the party. He had sounded the trumpet. No man had cared. But his skirts were clear.

The woman asked no further questions—knew his temper, indeed, well enough to know that she might rouse a tempest of rage if she crossed him. She busied herself as they talked in hospitable cares, putting a neat cloth on the table, hanging on the crane a pan with store of baked beans and pork for warming, lifting upon the coals a pot of tea which was standing on the hearth, and making other preparations for an unexpected visitor.

It was now Silas Ransom's turn for questions. He had known as he entered that she would be anxious about her men folks till he made his report.

"W'are's Enos?" he said. "Stopped to the forge 'n' they said he'd gone off."

Then the good woman explained, almost with tears, that her only remaining boy, Enos, who had been at the forge when the schooner left, had been misled by the fools who were going to the "Hio," as she put it. Why the boy could not stay where there were clams and fish and the sea, she did not know. People had been telling him stories about cornfields where the corn grew up to heaven, and flocks of pigeons that darkened the sky, and wild turkeys roosting on every tree, and he had been lured off by these romances. It was a fortnight since he had left her. All this she told, as she put on the table the extemporized meal, for which Silas Ransom in his turn prepared himself. She told him her story almost with tears, and doubtful how it might meet his masterful criticism.

"Goin' myself," he said. "Everybody's goin'. They's rivers there 'n' they build ships there. They's enough to eat there, 'n' more. Injuns is nothin'. Run away. They's enough to eat there 'n' enough to drink. They



build ships there 'n' send 'm to sea. They's rivers there. Everybody's goin'. Goin' myself."

Such was all the comfort the poor woman got. She had certainly expected sympathy, in the burning question of the day, from a man who, like Silas Ransom, had been so much on the sea that he might well have been web-footed.

"The burning question of the day," one says. For serious people, who wished the prosperity of Massachusetts under its new constitution, looked most sourly on this new passion of its young people to go out of it. They were most seriously advised of the dangers of the wilderness. Caricature, protest, and careful reasoning were all invoked to check the wave which rose higher every day. Silas Ransom's old friend, therefore, had the sympathy of most of the older people in Lynn and in her little world. But, as the older people of a place will, she found the drift so running against her, that her own son had abandoned his regular wages at the forge to go off on this wild adventure. If he had gone to

the Banks to catch cod, or had gone with "the fleet" to catch mackerel, she would have taken it as a matter of course, as every mother in Essex County had for a century and a half taken such adventures, when their sons came into their teens. But that a son of hers should go away from the sea, and to the West, was an inexplicable thing to her. She had opened her heart to Silas Ransom, and now had this horrible reply, that he was going on the same adventure himself. Truly, if Silas Ransom turned from the ocean and went into the woods, no one could be expected to remain in the Bay !

"Who's ever goin' to keep up my garden for me?" she said. "Enos he just dug it over before he went—or said he dug it over. But you'd 'a' thought a dog dug it. I spaded it ag'in myself, an' I raked it myself, and I cut up the potatoes an' put 'em in, and I seeded it with corn myself. But I can't keep it up all summer, an' I dunno who's going to weed it for me now."

Silas Ransom was by this time well engaged in discussing the baked beans and other pro-

visions which she had laid before him. He was sinking into the mood of perfect good-nature which was his general characteristic, when not aroused to controversy by an unfortunate red rag. He smiled his own benign smile on her, and said :

“I’ll go out and see to it myself. Guess they ain’t much more to do than you ’n’ I can do together. I’ll see to it myself.”

And the good fellow did so, and before half an hour was over you would have said that there was no thought of the Muskingum Valley, or of going out after Miss Sarah, or any of the other enterprises. Silas Ransom was in the garden, revising Aunt Tammy’s plans, suggesting some real improvements and some which were entirely chimerical. He was at work there, as he always worked, as if with the impression on his mind that he was the owner of the garden, and the general manager of the concern. But he made no sign of going farther toward Boston that day, and that night took possession of Enos’s bed, as if he belonged there.

## CHAPTER VI.

ACCORDINGLY it happened that it was not till noon of the next day that Ransom found the garden in such order that he could properly leave it, on the great crusade in which he had engaged. He had stopped to right this poor woman's affairs, very much as Richard the First would stop at Crete or at Palermo to settle any enterprise which he found needing assistance, when he was on the way for the redemption of the Holy City. Aunt Tammy, refreshed and encouraged by his sympathy, had his dinner ready for him about eleven o'clock of the morning after his arrival, and at noon he took up his march again toward Boston.

He did not go till he had accepted from Aunt Tammy a commission. She brought out from a stocking three Portuguese "Joes," which he was to give to Enos when he found him. As Enos was west of the Alleghany

Mountains, and as Silas was going to that country, there was, of course, every probability that they would meet. Both parties were wise enough to know that the gold of Portugal would be even more valuable there than it would have been in Lisbon. She had wrapped the money carefully in a piece of cloth, which she stitched together. Silas put this in an inner pocket, to please her. But, so soon as he was well out of the town, he opened a cartridge-box which swung at his side in the fashion of a haversack, took out the wooden block which sustained the cartridges, and laid the little parcel of gold beneath the whole. He then replaced the block, and his treasure was thus effectually concealed.

The road in some parts passed through what was really a desert. There is little to encourage the farmer on that shore, and there has been but little since the days when Winthrop passed over it in its bleakness. Ransom was disposed to make up for the time he had lost ; he could march at a quick step when he chose, and it was the middle of the afternoon when he arrived at the long wooden bridge,

lately built, which united Charlestown with Boston.

A little cabin, five feet square and seven feet high, at the entrance, and a gate which could have been swung to had it been necessary, indicated that he was to pay the toll exacted from all travelers. With his usual habit of falling into conversation with everybody, Ransom drew back and read the newly painted sign which was over the toll-house. The toll-gatherer leaned against the half-open door, and met Ransom's benign smile.

"Be ye back so soon, Silas?" said the man. And Silas repeated to him much the same story which he had told once and again before, that the skipper of the fishing vessel did not choose to be governed by his advice, and that he had left him, therefore, to the error of his ways.

"Don't often come a-foot into town. Never crossed yer old bridge afore. 'N' now uh 'm here ye want to make me pay fer comin'." And he read in a burlesque way the first line upon the sign.

"'For one foot-passenger, two-thirds of a penny.'"

"Hain't got no pennies. Hain't had none since George the Third went a-packing, 'n' old Howe. But there's a soo markay, ef ye like that, 'n' ye can take it 'n' give it to yer children ef ye don't like it. Hain't got no pennies." And he laughed with a good-natured guffaw.

The toll-keeper asked him if he would not stop and partake the hospitalities of his cabin. This would probably have been a glass of hard cider, and possibly some liquor rather stronger, distilled from the molasses of the West Indies. But Ransom assured him that he was in haste, and pressed on into the town.

Nor did he arrive at all too early. He was working his way through streets, all of which showed the dependence of the town upon foreign commerce, and, to a certain extent, upon ship-building and the fisheries, when his attention was called by loud yells and calls for succor, as of Homer's heroes rallying their followers for a fight. He saw at once that, behind the great molasses hogsheads in the yard of a distillery were crowded boys of much better dress and fashion than the typical Boston North-ender of that time. Ransom surveyed

the position with the eye of a leader. It was clear that one rabble rout of boys, whom he recognized by a certain seafaring habit as being genuine North-enders, held possession of the street on which he was approaching. He saw that the hidden troop behind the casks meant evil to these fellows if they should advance. He knew the Boston of that day well enough to know that he was in the midst of one of the encounters, arranged by heralds beforehand, in which the North End and the South End were to fight for victory. Himself a seaman, and belonging to the seaman class, he had at the same time an instinct,—the same, indeed, which had made him part from his own commander,—which made him desire for the moment to antagonize the party which seemed to be the stronger. He dropped off, therefore, from the principal highway, and crossed by a narrow street to the point where, as he suspected, a side party had organized itself.

In point of fact, these were the West End boys, who had nothing whatever to do with the original quarrel of the North End and the South End. They were, in fact, boys of a



higher social grade than the combatants of either of the two armies which were to meet that day. But they knew the encounter was to take place, and they had supposed that their assistance, to one side or the other, would be important. They had, therefore, come down in groups of ones and twos, had hidden themselves in the distillery yard, meaning to attack the rear of the North End boys at the moment when a sudden attack might affect the victory. It is impossible to say how much this simple strategy had been suggested by the careful reading of the Old Testament, to which in those days such young fellows were accustomed.

It is impossible for us to give the account, as Homer would have done it, of the forward and backward rushes in which from this moment Silas Ransom, and the West End party to which he allied himself, engaged. Suffice it to say that they were thoroughly beaten. Their attack in the flank or in the rear was not well timed, and with forces vastly less than the North-enders had, with less experience in street fighting than they had, they were igno-

miniously driven from the ground. After half an hour's screaming, shouting, swearing, throwing of brickbats and stones—for there were scarcely any hand-to-hand encounters in these battles—Silas Ransom found himself, with a fine boy almost in his arms, scarcely able to stagger along. The lad had been hit by a heavy club which had been flung from the window of a house, and was now fairly tottering under the influence of the blow. He did not know his name, he did not know where he belonged, he only begged Ransom to let him lie down and die.

But Silas Ransom had been in too many fights, on the water and on the land, to abandon an ally, even though he knew nothing of him. He dragged him out from the thick of the conflict; he learned from one or two of the passers-by where the boy belonged. Of Boston he knew every inch from one end to the other, having spent almost all his land-life there, since the death of Mrs. Parris, when he had first "tried the adventure" of its streets. Learning, therefore, that this boy was a Breck, he knew at once to which of the Breck fami-

lies he belonged ; and almost carrying the lad in his arms, always supporting him as he staggered along, he appeared an hour before sunset at the side door of the elegant mansion, which faced the common, not far from the Granary.

Ransom had been mortified that he had not known the boy whom he had rescued. In fact, the poor fellow had come from the West Indies not long since, and Ransom had never seen him in his Boston life. But as he led him home, he met one and another of his old comrades, and told them, more or less briefly, and with more or less exaggeration, as their circumstances in life or other conditions required, the story of the conflict. It must be confessed that in these stories there was little regard for the Eternal Verities. Ransom took his own almost lordly measure of the person to whom he talked, and adapted the narration to the person in hand. These different narrations did not bear critical comparison with each other.

Avoiding the wider streets, which were narrow at best, and passing through alleys and

back courts, with which both were familiar, they came, as has been said, to the side door.

The boy went in first, and cried out, "Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary! We've had a fight with the North End, and Jim had his eye put out, and Tom Cradock has sprained his ankle, and they drove us all back, and I've got a black eye!"

At this sudden announcement his aunt appeared. She was clearly a lady, but she was dressed for immediate action, in her kitchen, or anywhere, indeed; with a white apron on, with her sleeves rolled up, as if within five minutes she had been assisting her cook. She showed that general aspect of resolution, with which the New England woman of her time addressed herself to the affairs of "a great party." In truth, at this moment Mrs. Breck was making the last arrangements for the hospitable reception of her guests for an elegant evening party. No moment could have been selected more inopportune for the arrival of her wounded nephew. She intimated as much in a few words of surprise, but she did not lose her temper. She called the boy into

her own room to wash himself ; she found one of her maids into whose hands she then put him, and having caught a glimpse of Silas Ransom, as she was making these hurried arrangements, she came to ask what it was that had happened.

“Why under the heavens should he have anything to do with the North End and the South End? Exactly what he is not is a North-ender or a South-ender, and why he must go into their fights I am sure I do not know.”

She spoke to Silas Ransom as if he were an old friend almost, as indeed he was. In the intervals of his recent voyages, which were somewhat long, Silas had condescended to make Boston his place of call or address. He had a mysterious room somewhere in which he placed this, that, or another bit of property which he had chosen to bring home, and where were the two or three different seamen's chests which he had had on different voyages. But if it pleased him to take up the life of a landsman in one of these intervals of seafaring experience, he would “hire out” as a sort of

out-door man or man of all work in any one of the better families of Boston. He knew them all—their genealogies, their successes, and their failures. He had nursed men through their sicknesses with the skill of a professional nurse; he had taken the children to school; he had harnessed the horses in the most elegant stables in the little town, and he had waited on table at their entertainments. Not to know Silas Ransom, indeed, would have argued one's self unknown among those people in Boston who considered themselves of the most account. With such people he was always respectful, bearing in mind that he had known them as a person employed knows his employer. But he would never hesitate to give them advice on points the most critical, advice which might go into their political relationships, or which might instruct them on some of the intricacies of the lower orders of society, of which they themselves might not be informed.

He had, clearly enough, expected that Mrs. Breck would receive him cordially, nor was he disappointed.

"I did not know you were here, Ransom. Somebody told me you had gone to sea again."

"Yes'm. Been to sea. Got back. Skipper's an old fool. Told him so. Didn't know nothin' about the vyge. Told him so. Old fool—told him so. I've come back agin."

"And were you in this fight, too, Silas?"

"Why, I come in over the bridge from Charlestown, 'n' just as uh come up to the distillery, there was these boys hidin' behind the casks. See they'd get into a scrape. Did get into a scrape. No business to be there, none on 'em. Looked round to see what was goin' on. Saw Master Frank with his eye bleedin', 'n' uh knew he ought to get home. Asked where he was stayin', 'n' they said he was stayin' with you. Knew he ought to get home, had his eye bleedin', 'n' uh brought him home. They got well licked, 'n' 'twas good enough for 'em. No business in the fight at all. Fight's a fight o' North-enders and South-enders. Good enough for 'em. Got well licked." And the same beaming smile passed over his

face which more than once we have tried to describe.

Mrs. Breck thanked him effusively for rescuing the boy ; said she supposed boys must be boys. She knew that there was no good in her scolding this young martyr to his convictions ; and evidently she doubted whether her husband would administer any such discipline.

“ Now you are here, Silas, you must make yourself at home. The women will be glad to see you, and you must help us through to-night. We have got this great party—the Governor and all his people will be here ; the French people will be here ; there are some English people here ; I do not know who there is not here. Mr. Breck has made a great party, and you must help us through.”

Silas Ransom received his commission with a certain satisfaction. He would have taken a place among Mrs. Breck's people even if she had not told him to, and this she knew perfectly well. She had maintained possibly a little more dignity by accepting the services which he would certainly have rendered. This



satisfied her. If she was satisfied, he was satisfied ; and from that moment, in his fashion, he took very much the direction of the kitchen, and of the hospitalities which from the kitchen emanated.

## CHAPTER VII.

NOT one of Mrs. Breck's foreign guests suspected, that evening, that the really elegant waiter—who, in a suit which was only not livery, offered them lemonade, or currant shrub, or a glass of Madeira, exquisite beyond any dream of to-day—had that afternoon been engaged in a street fight with the North End boys, in the costume of a fisherman from the Banks, in clothing, indeed, which had been worn day and night for three weeks or more. So soon as Silas Ransom had understood that there was to be a great party at the house—in particular, as soon as he was sure that “some of them Frenchmen was to be there,” he determined to equip himself for duty. Mrs. Breck's words were hardly necessary for encouragement.

He had, therefore, stepped across up to the attic room which he had at his orders in Frog Lane. From the recesses of deep-sea pockets

he produced two keys of most intricate pattern, which gave him the *open sesame* of two complicated locks. Once within the door, he looked round with satisfaction, as the mere dust on the chests was enough to show, so soon as one pushed back the shutters, that neither cat nor dog, man nor woman had entered in the months since he left. He then selected the costume which he proposed to wear at the party, and dressed himself with the precision of a court chamberlain. He was about to take the part of a court chamberlain, why should not he be dressed like one ?

Wholly dissatisfied with the training or accomplishments of any little barber in the capital, he brought out from hidden crypts the machinery of the most exquisite manufactures known, by which to shave himself. The evening light lasted long enough for him to be satisfied with the process. He closed the shutters and bolted them, locked the two locks, and went back to the kitchen an elegantly dressed person who would hardly have been recognized as the sailor of an hour before.

So soon as he showed himself in the pantry

or in the kitchen, his supremacy was recognized without the slightest hesitation by the diversified forces of girls, young women, and men, whom the hostess had summoned, in a certain feudal fashion, to lend a hand for her service in the evening. What Ransom bade, was done ; what he ridiculed, was not done. The hard became easy ; the doubtful sure ; the impossible was accomplished.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Breck to her sister, as she ran upstairs to meet her hair-dresser, and, indeed, to array herself for the evening, “I have no worry now ; it will be all right. Who should appear when I was half crazy, but Ransom !”

“Ransom, indeed ? Where did he drop from ?”

We need not give as much space to the description of every evening party as was needed to describe the dance at Ipswich. In a way, Madame Breck’s party—as she would have called it ; she had never heard of a reception, and had not given a ball—was like the dance at Ipswich ; in other ways, it was wholly unlike.

There were young people and country dances. But there were old people as well ; and for some of the most dignified of these there were cards. The house was divided into two parts by a hall which ran through from front to rear. On each side of this hall were three large rooms, handsomely finished with wainscotting painted white, and ornaments of stucco on a blue ground, which ran to a plain ceiling. The ceilings themselves had no painting, but from the centre of each hung a brilliant chandelier.

A band, if three violinists may be called one, in the largest of the parlors, played for the younger people to dance, and naturally they gathered on that side of the house. On the other side, Mrs. Breck, with her sister and daughters, and her husband, who seemed a little ill at ease, received their friends. Before eight o'clock, the greater part of them had arrived.

And before nine, in the willing hospitality of the time, it was supposed that the guests would already be faint. Indeed, to provide for such an exigency, fruit and a variety of biscuits were already placed on the sideboards

in almost all of the rooms. And at the same sideboards any eager guest might have served himself with wine or more fiery liquids. But this was as a sort of show, and, in fact, no one availed himself of the provision thus made.

The real physical entertainment, or refreshment, as it was called, of the evening, began as Ransom, in the full elegance of costume which has been described, with a white napkin thrown easily over one arm as if to indicate his new profession, entered with an enormous salver, on which were the different lemonades, wines, and other liquids which had been provided. A pretty and skilful maid followed him, with a tray, only smaller than his, on which were little cakes of forty kinds. Another servant, with another salver of drinks, another with more cakes, made up a rapid procession,—which divided as soon as it had passed the master and mistress of the house, so that, in different couples, the attendants might hunt all the guests to whatever lurking-places; and even the most modest girl and the shyest boy, hid away in the embrasure of whatever win-

dow, might have the grateful cream-cake, or sherbet, or wine, or water which were provided.

Ransom's welcome was as warm as his utmost vanity or pride—which was it?—could have asked for. As has been said, not to know Ransom would have argued one's self unknown in the little court circle of that queer little capital. And few, indeed, were proved unknown in this experiment. He blushed and smiled at each cordial salutation, as if it were not more than his deserts, yet as if it were totally unexpected.

“Are you back, Ransom? Why, I heard you were at sea.”

“Yes, back again, Miss Ellen—back again.”

“Why, Ransom, is it you? You look as if your voyage had been prosperous.”

“Thank you, Governor, thank you.”

“Do tell me, Ransom, where are you staying? When did you come? Can you come to my party, Thursday?” And the fastidious inquirer took a plate, a napkin, and a glass of Madeira upon the plate, waiting to take a cream-cake from the girl behind, who followed

Ransom meekly, astonished to find herself even a witness of such an ovation.

“Thank you, mum, can’t come. Goin’ to the Ohio to-morrow. Can’t come, thank you, mum,” was the modest sailor-waiter’s reply.

And so it was buzzed from lip to lip that Ransom, of all people, the most elegant waiter in the town—which was never called a city by its own people for thirty years after that time—that Ransom was going to the wilderness. If this was so, that summer madness of Parson Cutler’s was ripe. What dinner parties would Ransom wait at? Or, if he chose to take up his other profession, where would he find mackerel or codfish in the prairies? If Ransom were going, who in Boston was to stay?

It must be remembered that here, as in simpler circles in degree—indeed in all circles which prided themselves either on foresight in government or on elegance in manners—the whole scheme of emigration beyond the Alleghanies was held at that time to be utterly absurd, and was ridiculed. Wit and satire exhausted themselves in the caricatures which sought to make it ridiculous, and in the lam-



poons—written, printed, or spoken—by which its absurdity was shown. Pictures were painted of the lank, starving, hungry man who came home on foot, with nothing, and you were told that he was the same man whom you saw, on another page, as the fat, prosperous farmer going out with everything. This man was said to have gone out with a jug of molasses as his investment. When he returned in the autumn, and was asked what profit he had made, he had said that he had the jug still, though now it was empty. Such were the gay criticisms of the provincial Charivari.

And now Ransom was going !

The news soon slipped round in circles of people more important than Miss Ellen Champnoon or the fidgety Mrs. Cradock. And when Ransom made his second tour at the head of the column which supplied refreshments, perhaps half an hour after the first, the conferences he had with different gentlemen took almost the importance of state affairs.

“Mr. Ransom, they tell me you are going to the Muskingum.”

“Be, Doctor. Going out where Parson Cut-

ler is. Out on the Ohio. Parson Cutler's place it is. Goin' there." This as Dr. Waterhouse arranged on a plate a glass of Madeira.

"And when do you go, Ransom? Could you take a little parcel for me to General Putnam? Come round to-morrow, before ten, and I will have it ready."

He thought it as much a matter of course that Ransom would take the parcel as if he had asked him to give him a napkin. And Ransom assented, as if it were of course.

So the governor asked him if he would leave a parcel of some value for him in New York, and again Ransom, of course, accepted. Mrs. Higginson had some lace which she wanted to send her daughter, who was in the garrison at Fort Washington. Could Ransom take that? If he did not go to Fort Washington himself, he must give it to some one who did. Of course Ransom could take it. It never occurred to him that he could not take it, or that there was any difficulty for a traveller on foot, in accepting these commissions.

The news passed from house to house as the guests retired. The announcement that Ran-

som had returned filled with delight the circle of boys at Old Staniford's school, when they assembled in the morning to talk over their defeat and flight of the day before. Their leaders, who had led them to disaster, were, perhaps, not sorry to have a new subject of interest brought before the group of their adherents, as they assembled in the street before the schoolhouse, half an hour before any rules required their presence. That little Breck had been helped home by Ransom made Breck a hero, even more than the great patch of black plaster which Dr. Jeffries had put over his eye. And Breck was himself astonished to know that Ransom was as important a person among the boys as he had found him to be with his aunt, when they returned home.

But after school, the boys were all disappointed. Ransom was not to be found in any of his haunts. He was, indeed, engaged in a series of state visits, somewhat as a diplomat, who has been away from his place on leave, has to spend a morning in renewing his relations with the different friendly nations or their

representatives. General Bowdoin had expressed a wish to see him, Madame Gore had told him to call, Mrs. Cradock wanted him to take a letter to Bethlehem, where she had a daughter at the Moravian school. And as Ransom had no intention of making any stay in Boston, but wished to close up, as fast as superior speed could do it, the gulf between himself and Miss Sarah, he addressed himself to these visits at once. In those days, people of higher rank than he had such parting duties to attend to. A journey then was a journey. You bade your friends good-bye. Indeed you were known as what was called "an opportunity." And, among your last cares was the collecting of the letters and parcels which you had promised to take toward all places which were in the general line of direction which you meant to follow. Ransom arrayed himself, for the purpose of these visits, in a costume as different from that in which he fought the North-enders as from that in which he waited on Madame Breck's guests. The boys considered his store of clothing as unlimited. Certainly he would not have committed the impropriety

of visiting Mrs. Bowdoin in a pea-jacket. He took her commissions and those of all the rest seriously and most respectfully. He was on his best behavior while in the presence of these members of the aristocracy. But it would prove afterward that this was no pledge for the future. On occasion he would criticise their faults or their virtues with the same omniscience with which he spoke of all affairs, human or superhuman, natural or unnatural.

Of these visits, the only one which need be specially noted was his call at the Massachusetts Bank, the only bank in the little town. Hard by Madame Breck's house, opposite a dismal looking burial-place and a weather-stained building which was the granary of the town when there was any occasion for storing corn, was the more elegant building, somewhat incongruously placed, which to wondering rustics announced, by a newly gilded sign, that it was the "Massachusetts Bank."

He was as well known here as in the other mansions of the great. He had a very respectful bow for president, cashier, and directors. He had words of comradeship for the teller,

And he produced very curious currency of different kinds, all of which he exchanged into Spanish gold dollars—little coins, not so big as what New England then called a “fourpence ha’penny” of Spanish coinage in silver. He carried these away with him in a little leather pouch. When he returned to his lair, he emptied six of the cartridges that were in his box, substituted the little coins for the powder which he had shaken out, and returned these precious cartridges to their places. He slung the box upon his shoulder again, and was ready for his journey.

At one o’clock, when Mrs. Breck’s family dined, he repaired to her house, and ate his own dinner with her admiring servants, who received his oracles as the last words which they might ever hear from a master’s lips. He then waited on Mr. and Mrs. Breck in their drawing-room, and started for Providence, having suddenly determined to go to New York by passing through that town. To this change of route he had been led by the accident that Mrs. Molyneux had given him a letter to her sister there.

He made ten or twelve miles in his afternoon's tramp, and at Dedham, which is the county town of Norfolk, he was only embarrassed by the number of homes which were open to him. Among the different farmers in the circle round the village, whose wood he had bought for one or another of his chiefs, or whose potatoes he had chosen in fitting out one schooner or another, he had only to choose which listed him. And it required all his strictness to break away as early as he chose to do in the morning, that he might make Providence, thirty miles away, in time to enquire about the packet to New York.

As he left the village, he stopped, naturally enough, at the tavern, to say good-bye to his adherents and friends there, and found the clients of the place in more excitement than usual, as they witnessed and assisted the departure of a foreign traveller. Ransom, of course, immediately knew the stranger, and took upon himself the adjustment of the little valise behind his saddle, and the correction of the stirrups which his valet used, with that decision which made all the humbler denizens of the inn retire

ashamed. Ransom's acquaintance with Count Zapoly had, in fact, begun, when he offered that gentleman his choice between Madeira, currant shrub, and lemonade at Mrs. Breck's party. But from that moment he assumed a personal care and responsibility for him, as he did for all other persons with whom he had to do; care and responsibility, be it said, which would be thrown off on any occasion as readily as they had been taken on. The count's Hungarian servant was as much terrified as if he had been in a jungle; and he knew the language of the Dedham people as well as he knew that of the chimpanzees of Africa. Ransom's services were of use, therefore. But Count Zapoly was as doubtful how he should acknowledge them, as he would have been had it been Louis XVI. who had condescended to tighten his servant's surcingle. Very wisely he did not offer to Ransom the English half-crown which his fingers played with in his pocket. He took his leave as if he were parting from a court chamberlain at Versailles. And this pleased the other entirely.

"See ye again——" he said, as the count took



his direction for Fisher Ames's house where he was to present a letter from Governor Bowdoin. "Both goin' the same way ; see ye again."

Surely enough, at half a dozen places on the road, the count came up with Ransom and talked with him in his queer broken English, and took his instructions for his further journey. Then, as will happen, when a resolute foot-traveller holds to his work all day, while another traveller relies on his horses, so that he may stop when he chooses, Ransom would pass him again.

His air with the count was always respectful, but the count could never understand whether he were perhaps some nobleman of the country in disguise, whether he were a peasant, or whether he were a "bourgeois."

The count himself was as difficult a person for the country-people to make out as was Ransom to him. He was a Hungarian officer in the Austrian army. He had, however, been nettled by the transcendental reforms which the Emperor Joseph had been making in the military establishment of that country, as in

all its other affairs. This was the Joseph who is said to have inoculated Austria with liberal notions, so that that country never took that disease in the natural way. The inoculation had proved disagreeable to many of the officers of the army, and Zapoly—who had had some little hope that there might be service in the Low Countries—finding that there was nothing for him at home but the wretched garrison routine, afflicted by more jealousies and petty intrigues than ever, had taken leave of absence that he might study war in foreign parts. Arriving in France it had happened to him to fall in with some people who had talked to him about America. Only the faintest rumors of the conflict of America with George III. had come so far as the barracks in which he was bred; but, meeting some jolly Frenchmen who had served under Rochambeau in the war, and learning from them of the adventures which they had experienced in the new country, he had formed the idea of American travel. Indeed, for ten years or more at that time, American travel was what our modern language would call a

fad of young men on the Continent. Zapoly, with the smallest possible preparation in the way of language, with some good letters of introduction from the American legation in Paris, had recently landed at Portsmouth, and made his way as far as Boston on the enterprise, which was as difficult then as it is now for a European, of seeing America.

It need hardly be said that Ransom, on foot, arrived in Providence before Zapoly and his servant arrived on horseback. Ransom had delivered the parcels and letters with which he had been intrusted in Boston when, as he left the deck of the packet-boat, after arranging for his passage, he met Zapoly and his servant, who had just found their way there. Ransom at once took upon himself the proper stabling of the two horses in the forecastle of the packet. The master of the packet was, almost of course, one of Ransom's old sea companions. And Zapoly now somehow took the impression that Ransom was a sort of commodore of the fleet in which this master was a subordinate officer.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MASTER HARRY, meanwhile, on the very day of the reception had transferred his traps from Francis's Hotel to General Knox's house. He found no difficulty in winning his way to Knox's heart. He did it without effort, and Knox welcomed him with that comradeship of an old soldier which is always so charming. Harry was at home with the children. They liked him and he liked them; and, in the midst of official duties, there was always time for him to make a boat for one of the boys, or to dance one of the girls upon his foot. It was one day when he had taken them down to the Battery, that they might see the gay people there, that, to his surprise, he stumbled upon Silas Ransom. Silas had just landed from the *Lady Washington* packet, and was leading one of Count Zapoly's horses, while the groom led the other, to the stables behind Francis's Inn. Not that

Ransom had ever been in New York before, or knew an inch of the streets, any better than Count Zapoly did or the Hungarian groom. But they were both dazed, and took it for granted that they should not know their way. Ransom was never dazed, took it for granted that he should know his way, and made himself lord and master of every new city as he entered it.

He had informed himself, from his old comrade the commander of the packet, that Francis's was the proper place for a gentleman such as Count Zapoly to live in; and so it happened, by one of the oddities of that early life in America, that Count Zapoly owed his introduction to General Knox and to General Washington, not to the great letters which he had brought from the American legation, which might or might not have answered their purposes as fully as he could have wished, but to the accident that a man-servant had offered him Madeira at Mrs. Breck's party.

With the respect with which Silas would have spoken to any friend of Miss Sarah Parris, or indeed, to any of the old Salem gen-

try, he stopped in the street, touched his hat, and in a few minutes explained to Henry Curwen how he came to be in New York. When he told Curwen that he was on his way to the Muskingum, to follow Miss Sarah, he saw the visible start which the young man gave. Ransom, from the first instant of meeting him, had meant that he should start, and was well satisfied with the dramatic passage, when it came. Ransom undoubtedly supposed that he understood the affairs of the heart of these young people a great deal better than they did themselves. He did not so much as offer to carry any message to Miss Sarah from Master Harry ; he knew, if Master Harry wanted him to take any message, he would give it himself. When Curwen asked him how long he should be in New York, he said that he doubted whether he should remain more than a day. Miss Sarah was a good way ahead of him, and he wanted to overtake her before she needed him.

Ah me ! Harry would gladly have said the same thing had he dared to do so. His face flushed a little, as Ransom was glad to see,

for Ransom was always glad to have anybody's secrets in his possession. But, to take our modern slang, Harry did not "give himself away," nor did he tell Ransom that his business in New York was simply that he also might join the colony on the Muskingum, and meet the woman who was to him more than all the world beside.

As they talked together Zapoly himself came up, and in a perfectly proper way Ransom introduced the two to one another, and then respectfully he left them, as they walked up to Francis's together, while, with the groom, he led the horses and placed them in the stable.

This incidental meeting near the Battery was the beginning of what finally amounted to a personal friendship between Harry and Zapoly. It was an advantage to both of them. Zapoly had the manners and training of the continent of Europe, and at the same time he was no dandy or butterfly. It had really been an instinct for something more manly than the life of the garrison which had called him to America. He had his eyes open, he was eager

to learn the language, he was of that natural make-up that he was glad to be of service, and although it is impossible for a man trained under the formalities of courts to feel, in a year, in ten years, or indeed in fifty years, what is the habit of people trained in a democracy, where every man bears his own burdens and his brother's, Zapoly soon had an interest, passing almost into admiration, for the genuine courtesy which comes in in the give-and-take of democratic life. He adapted himself to all this much more readily than his servant did. He, poor dog, was constantly getting into scrapes with the grooms and other workmen whom he found around him. Zapoly got into scrapes sometimes, but this happened less and less frequently; and, for Harry, the presence of such a companion, with his real knowledge of military affairs, was a matter of real good fortune.

It was natural enough that under such circumstances—Harry having introduced Zapoly to Knox's personal acquaintanceship—they should be together, again and again, in the little war-office of the day. The reader must



understand that the capital of the country was still at New York ; it was not transferred to Philadelphia until the next year. So it happened, one morning, that they were all inspecting together some pack-saddles, of which a pattern had come from Lancaster. The government had contracted for a couple of hundred of them, which were to be sent across the mountains to Fort Washington. Zapoly made some suggestions, of which Knox approved, with regard to some of the minor details of these saddles. Harry, who was himself a good backwoodsman, made others, and the whole ended in Knox's sending the two young men to Philadelphia, with instructions to go to Lancaster if they chose, to see that some radical improvements should be made before the contract was carried farther. They were permitted to travel as they chose, Knox knowing his men well enough to know they would do the best they could, and that their own good sense, from day to day, was better than any instructions he could give them. They went, therefore, on horseback, Curwen having the sense to travel without a servant, Zapoly still

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encumbered by his man, who was forever getting into quarrels, and of whom he made himself, as he said, the slave. They took careful instructions from Hamilton and Knox how they might see to the best advantage the battle-grounds of the Jerseys, which had for Curwen a particular interest, because he had read all Captain Parris's letters, which were almost love letters, home, when he was in those campaigns. For him, indeed, there was the tender interest in going to see the exact spot where Captain Parris had lost his life, and in visiting the little village burial-ground where his body lay.

These excursions did not delay the young men, however, on their journey. At every point they met men who had served in the campaigns. The very groom who rubbed down the horses would prove to have been a cavalryman or a scout. It was but a little more than thirteen years since Washington had turned on his pursuers, had crossed the Delaware, had taken the Hessian regiments prisoners, and had made one of those bold pushes which showed how, when there was occasion, he was as

prompt as ever Napoleon was, while he was, all the time, earning the reputation of a Fabius, because the necessities of the service compelled him to delay.

Having made their visit at Trenton, they went down the river as far as Bordentown and, as everywhere, at the Jersey tavern where they slept, they took their meals with the people of the neighborhood who chose to use the tavern as a convenience. Harry's attention was at once called to the grave, care-worn face of the man who sat at the head of the table. This sad-looking fellow hardly spoke, unless in a civil way he asked for butter, for pepper, or for salt. As Harry said to Zapoly the next day, he had the air of a prophet in prison—of a man who, having a message for the world, was not permitted to announce it. He awakened the young fellow's curiosity, for it was clear that he was not a very old man; his downcast looks could not be accounted for by any physical weakness, and yet it seemed as if the talk of the people around him—about horses, or liquor, or a street fight which had come off—irritated him, while he had some

larger notions on his mind. Harry was determined to solve the mystery, for mystery he was sure there was; and, after supper, when, in the heat of the evening, all parties sat out of doors—some of them together, upon what they called in that country a stoop, some tilting back in chairs which they had carried down to the ground—Harry boldly approached his prophet, and said to him :

“You do not smoke, sir? Let me offer you some tobacco which a friend of mine has just brought from the Islands.”

The prophet smiled a little sadly; at first declined the offer, and then, as if out of courtesy, accepted it, produced from a deep side pocket a corn-cob pipe, filled it, and accepted Zapoly's courtesy in offering him his own pipe to light it from. None of the group were smoking cigars, which, in fact, were not introduced at all freely in the Northern States till many years after this time.

All parties sat silent for a little, but Harry was determined, with the eagerness of youth, to find out what was the prophet's secret, and what the cause of his sadness. In a little,

therefore, after explaining slowly to Zapoly some of the queer things which every moment presented to his European eye, Harry turned, in his most gracious and engaging manner, to the care-worn man, and said :

“ We are going as far as Lancaster. Can you give us any advice as to the road which we should follow? I cannot understand whether I had better cross the river here, or whether we should go down on this side and cross at Philadelphia?”

The man turned and looked at him with a certain surprise, as if to see whether he were making fun of him. But Harry's face was too open to permit the suspicion to remain. It was clear that he was a stranger, and was as ignorant of the route as he pretended.

“ Why should you cross the river at all, sir? Why not go upon the river? It will be so much rest for your horses, and you will be able to start from Philadelphia with the day before you, unless, indeed, you wish to tarry there.”

“ But,” said Harry in return, “ we are but poor sailors, and for one, I am sure, I do not

want to take the chances of a south wind, and having to sweep the boat against it. My friend's hands, I am sure, would be blistered before we had gone twenty rods. As long as we have our horses, our horses must carry us."

"I do not ask you to sweep the boats along. Why should men sweat and toil like cattle or galley slaves, when the good God has provided that which shall take their boats along for them?"

Now Harry was sure that his prophet was an insane man.

But, on his pressing the matter a little, the prophet again said :

"If you are not too tired, sir, walk down to the river with me and see the *Perseverance*, which will make her regular voyage to-morrow morning. Leaving here at eight o'clock, you have merely to fasten your horses in the bow of the boat, and smoke your pipe or read your book as we go to Philadelphia."

Harry was talking to John Fitch, the real practical inventor of steam navigation.

Accordingly, on the next morning, the Hungarian groom, more frightened than he had

ever been in his life, led down the three horses to the *Perseverance*, the first steamboat which ever plied regularly in America. He found, to his astonishment, that provision was made for receiving horses as it would have been, indeed, on any other ferry-boat. By this time, the man ought to have lost his terror of crossing a river on a boat, but he was in fact almost beside himself. Harry at last went with him, soothed his fears, and saw that the horses were well arranged in the stalls provided for them. The little luggage which anybody carried was easily enough transferred by the passengers themselves, and at eight o'clock, with the wind dead against them, the little party started on the *Perseverance*, on their novel voyage to Philadelphia.

It was five years since Fitch had begun his experiments on the Delaware River. It seems now, that if he had begun them on the Hudson, where there was more need of steam navigation, his name would have taken the place which Robert Fulton's name has since taken, as a successful inventor. As it was, he had had the scanty recompense and encourage-

ment which in those days was given to inventors. But, by hook and by crook, a steam engine had been built which would work, and this summer of 1790 was the one summer which can be called successful of poor Fitch's invention. In less than ten years after, he had died of the disease called a broken heart, which is so fatal to men who are in advance of their time. But on this auspicious morning Count Zapoly sat on a little stool, Harry on one of a dozen chairs which were provided ; and Fitch, eager with delight at finding two intelligent men to whom he could talk freely of his invention, walked up and down the little quarterdeck, pointed out to them the interesting points on the shore, and in particular called their attention to the work of the engine and of the paddles.

The boat was wholly unlike the modern steamboat. A row of oars, nearly vertical—studied, it would seem, after the fashion of the paddles with which the Indians drove their birch canoes along—stretched on each side of the vessel. The regular stroke of the piston in the cylinder of the engine drove



these paddles forward or brought them back with a strong pull. As they went forward, their blades turned so that the collision with the water was trifling, and as they came back the full blade was presented to the water and the boat was driven rapidly along. Count Zapoly was vastly entertained and amazed. He had at last come to the region of romance which he had hoped America might be. He was constantly begging, in his very broken English, to know what was the rate of speed, and asking in advance how many miles it would be to this steeple or to that barn. In point of fact, the little boat made nearly nine miles an hour, against the wind and with the current.

When they arrived at the front of Philadelphia, and Curwen and Zapoly bade good-bye to Fitch, it was as if they were leaving an old friend. Apart from his interest in his invention, they had found him a very well-informed man. He knew, so to speak, all about the country to which they were going. It was his interest in the great rivers of the West that had stimulated his invention. He ex-

pected to return there himself, and could not tell them enough of the riches and beauty of the valley which they were to visit.

The frightened groom was found, and was well satisfied that his many crossings and secret prayers had been of avail, and that he and his horses were rescued from this vessel of hell in which they had been conveyed. With alacrity such as he had never shown before, he led the horses from the boat to the wharf, and turned to cross-question his master with an eagerness which had never been seen before. Zapoly laughed heartily, and in French explained to Curwen that the man was trying to make him promise that he should not be subjected to any such terrors again. "I wish I could have frightened him," said Zapoly, "but I knew too well that we had travelled on the only steamboat in the world."

As they turned from the groom to go up Chestnut Street, of course they met Silas Ransom.

This is not a guide book, and we must not undertake to give the route or the method by which Ransom had arrived in Philadelphia,

He had had parcels to deliver, and had been charged with letters and commissions in the city of New York. He had worked his way through New Jersey by a route quite different from that by which Curwen and Zapoly had come, and had now been in Philadelphia for nearly twenty-four hours. He had no interest in battle fields, no recollections of the past to feed or renew; his only wish was to find his young mistress. As he had done with Zapoly at Providence, he here took the part of a sort of lord chamberlain, appointed by the city of Philadelphia to entertain two gentlemen so distinguished. He already knew the way from place to place; he recommended a particular boarding-house where they should live while the business which brought them to Philadelphia was being transacted; and having seen that they were well established, left by the Lancaster turnpike on the same afternoon.

Zapoly asked Curwen with a certain curiosity, talking with him in French, who the man was, and how it was that he appeared unexpectedly at these different points. With some

exaggeration, he described the occasions on which he had seen him himself, first at Madame Breck's party, then at Dedham, again at Providence, in New York as has been described, and now here.

Curwen did not pretend to conceal his amusement. "Now," said he, "you will go home and tell all your friends that America is full of these extraordinary people, who have no home, and who always appear, as if they were familiars, when a man waves his wand. The truth is that Silas Ransom is one of the great exceptions. Nobody knows where he came from, nobody knows why he is where he is. But, with this sort of shrewd native knowledge of the world which you see, he has this peculiar gift of turning up in the right place, of often doing the right thing—as often, of doing the wrong thing. But he is one of the most affectionate, and in his way one of the most reliable, people in the world. In his way, also," said Curwen laughing, "he is one of the most unreliable. He is going on this errand to the Muskingum with a motive as absolutely chivalrous as ever led Amadis on any

of his adventures. And yet it is quite possible that we shall find, when we arrive there, that he has been turned to the right or to the left by some fancy of the moment, and, while he is in advance of us now, it may well be that we shall be months in advance of him when we appear."

There is something pathetic, as one goes back in these old memories, in the thought of the smallness and difficulty of the work of officers of the government at that time. The Congress of the old confederation, which had gone out of existence without so much as dissolving itself, had not money enough when it died to pay for the quills with which were written its resolutions and its entreaties for contributions. Such were the "United States" of 1788. Such were the United States of 1789 until the 30th of April, when Washington was inaugurated at New York. More than a year had now passed, and the United States *was* beginning to assert itself. People were beginning to understand that a singular verb, and not a plural verb, was to follow when "the United States" was spoken of.

The great name of George Washington was respected everywhere, and the chiefs whom he had under him—such men as Knox, and Hamilton, and Jefferson—began to find that their orders were respected. But they only began to find this, and when Mr. Harry Curwen went to a saddler's shop or to a carriage-builder's, he did not find that the courtesy waited upon him to which Count Zapoly was used in the dignities of Austrian service.

"You pay your court to these people," said the count indignantly. "Why do you not swear at them? Why do you not strike at them with your whip? Why do you not say, 'It is in the name of the President, and I command you to do thus and so?'"

Once and again the groom had tried the experiment of swearing and striking with his whip. But every time that this happened the man was arrested and brought before a Philadelphia justice of the peace; so that Zapoly found it more convenient to leave him at

home when he accompanied Harry on his commissions.

Curwen only laughed at such suggestions, and said, "My dear Count, you are learning what it is to live in a republic."

## CHAPTER IX.

AS for Ransom, the successes, great and small, followed him which wait on youth, good temper, and resolution. He stayed in Philadelphia only long enough to see that the count's horses were disposed of, and that both gentlemen were well lodged, and to give a final bit of his mind to the poor Hungarian groom. Taking him into the stable where for a time the horses were to stay, he gave him first, in a language of which the Hungarian did not understand five words, full instructions what he was to do with the feet of the count's horse, in certain circumstances which he thought might probably occur. Then, bringing him out from the stall, in presence of all the loafers who loitered about the stable, he gave him some practical instructions regarding democratic institutions, shaking his fist in his face, and giving emphasis by oaths, of which the



unfortunate fellow did not understand a syllable.

“Take care you don’t take no more of your darned airs on here when I am gone. Yer’ll not find nobody else so good to yer as I be. Yer’ll get your eyes knocked out ’fore yer know it, an’ good enough fer yer too. You don’t know nothin’, no more nor a coot. An’ yer mustn’t come all the way over the sea here to take airs. So take care yer don’t take any of yer darned airs on here when I’m gone.”

Thus he relieved his mind by inspiring more terror in the poor wretch. For Ransom, in his own despite, had suffered more or less annoyance from that condescension, which, as Mr. Lowell says so well, all European travellers or emigrants always manage to exhibit in a new country, whatever their penury or ignorance.

For Ransom himself, though he started on foot, he rode as often by the side of some teamster who was returning to Lancaster County in some great empty grain wagon. To such people, he testified a general approval of the rich Pennsylvania farms which he now saw for the first time, and even of the palaces, as they

seemed to him, in which their cattle and horses were stabled. The town of Lancaster itself was then a place almost as large as the Boston of his love. Inwardly he was surprised to find, the further he went, that there were homes as comfortable, not to say as elegant, as he had left behind him. Still, he never confessed this, by word or accent, in his talk with travelling companions, or with the people whom he met in the stables of the country inns. To them, he was remembered for months as the distinguished prophet who had told them such marvellous stories of Mugford's and Whipple's fights upon the sea, of the wonders of ocean life, and of the untold wealth—as of Montezuma, and the Incas—of the City of the Bay. His announcement of the tide of travel which was to follow him, when he rendered the report of his own John Baptist pilgrimage, was such that these honest work-people looked for it for years with a faith which only slowly gave way. Of all the three parties of emigrants whom we have to trace, he took the longest route. It might be said in general of his life, that such was almost always the result of his wayward

habits, of his stubborn determination to rely on a first impression, and his utter indifference to the knowledge of others. It must be confessed, at the same time, that he generally arrived at his destination before rivals who were really better informed. For such success is the prize, as has been said, which waits upon youth, resolution, and good nature.

He had not gone far on the route by which he was to cross the mountains when he approached a neat village, where the barns and houses were painted of a uniform color, so that they showed, miles away, that they belonged to some one organized company which carried on its agriculture in co-operation. Silas was not displeased to see an establishment which gave such good hope for good fare and a comfortable bed. He swung down the hill, therefore, at a faster pace than he generally pursued. As he turned the corner of the roadway, which was little used, he found that the birches had been cut away from the side, and that the whole sweep of the river was in sight, which had before been concealed. The sloping ground which led down to the river was

wholly open, and the high grass had been cut away, and lay to the right and left, as it had been drawn aside.

As Ransom approached, he found that he was closing a procession of nearly a hundred persons, who seemed to be of all ages. Of their age he could guess nothing more, for they were all arrayed in long woollen robes of heavy brown stuff, with hoods of the same over their heads. Ransom had once seen Capuchin friars in France, who were dressed in a costume almost precisely similar. But these people were not Capuchins. He was approaching the cloister town of Ephrata, and these were the *Dunkers* or *Tunkers* of that settlement, who had come out for a great ceremonial of baptism.

As they advanced they sang loudly, and even rapturously, a hymn of triumph. As the leaders approached the river, they turned and marched back through the procession, dividing it on the right and left, waving their hands to show where the others were to go, and still singing.

Ransom followed the others reverently. He was the only person in what the newspapers

of to-day would call "citizen's dress." He took his place, however, as if he had been in full Capuchin costume, and regarded himself, in the mere force of his singularity, as being in a position superior to that of all the enthusiasts who surrounded him. As soon as the groups were properly marshalled, the singing stopped. One of the elders of the party waved a little staff which he held in his hand, and all fell upon their knees. He then offered prayer, referring once and again to the ceremony which was about to take place, which was the baptism of several of the members of the company. The prayer lasted for some minutes. An occasional shout of "Amen!" from an excited worshipper can hardly be called an interruption. When it was over, they all rose to their feet, and, at a signal from the same leader, five men stepped forth from the group. Each loosened the rough cord which was tied around his waist, and stepped forward in the common underclothing of a workingman. They ranged themselves in a little rank, on a wooden ridge which had been built out over the water, evidently for this purpose. They bent almost to

their knees, and held their hands forward, precisely as if they were going to dive. At one word given by the elder, the five, in fact, plunged headlong into the water. In a moment three or four of the attendants stepped in after them, nearly to their waists, and, as they rose, dragged them from the stream. A series of cries of "Hallelujah!" followed, and when these cries were over, the sacred formula of baptism was repeated by the elder. Another long prayer followed; a hymn began, which soon proved to be a sort of "recessional," if we may take the modern antique words of our own day, and the party, in slow movement, marched back to the house from which they had come. Ransom had been welcomed, meanwhile, by the elder who had conducted the service, and walked with him in advance, somewhat as Rochambeau might have walked with Washington at the head of a triumphal procession.

Returning to the great house the different parties separated, by rules understood by themselves; Ransom, and perhaps half a dozen elders, repairing to a certain central office,

where, as was clear enough, were the headquarters of the institution. As they entered, he observed that eight chairs were hanging from the walls upon nails, a custom which he had never noticed before. Seeing that one of the elders took down a chair for himself, Ransom did the same. In fact, through the whole of his interview with these interesting people, he took a position like that which Xavier and his comrades took in Ceylon. They said to the Buddhist monks in Ceylon that they were much interested in their rites and services, being themselves members of a superior order in the same line. Ransom, from the beginning, affected to sympathize with the people around him, and to be able to make suggestions to them, if circumstances permitted, by which they might profit. The elders did not resent this assumption of superiority. When the time for the evening meal came, he was asked to take a place by the side of him who had conducted the baptism, and did so. It was not till this meal was over, and, in fact, till the sun was down and twilight well advanced, that Ransom left the group with

whom he had been sustaining these conversations, and walked out alone, as if he would inspect the premises. By a certain divine instinct, as Cicero would have called it, he passed into one of the large stables in which the oxen were kept, walked through it, as if to see how they stood, and what was done in the way of their evening meal, passed from stall to stall, nodding with a certain dignified courtesy to the men who were employed there. He seemed to find suddenly what he came for, and, in an undertone, said to the man at work there.

“Enos, be ye there? Come out o’ the barn.”

And, as if called by a divine authority, the man so summoned followed him. He took from a pin, as he did so, the long robe which he had hung there when he went to his work, and instantly drew it on. Silas led him away from the stable, and when sure that they were out of hearing in the darkness, said :

“Enos, be ye crazy? I knew ye was a fool—a darned fool—but I didn’t think ye was sech a fool as this. Be ye crazy?”



At this Enos Breed made answer that he was not crazy, but that he had become very foot-sore in his journey, had been left behind by the other forgemen who had gone with him, had met many returning adventurers who had told him of the folly of the affair, had spent all the money which had not been stolen from him, and in pure despair had tarried with the brethren at Ephrata. Once there, he had been told that he could not remain there, unless he joined the brotherhood. Joining the brotherhood seemed to him to imply an easy day's work in the care of cows and oxen, and the assuming of a robe which was as well as any other dress if a man chose to wear it. Ransom listened to all this with undisguised scorn. He told Enos again, in language more pointed than he had ever had addressed to him before, that he was a fool. He told him that nothing would distress his mother so much as to hear that her son was wearing such toggerly, and bade him be ready to go with him two hours before sunrise the next morning. He added that the mother had intrusted to him for Enos's use the Portuguese coins which have been spoken of,

and that he had them packed away at the bottom of his cartridge-box.

“But ye’ll never see hide nor hair on ’em, Enos, till ye be in Muskingum with me. I’ll give ’em to yer then, and General Putnam’ll give me a receipt for ’em. A fool ’n’ his money is soon parted. Yer was goin’ to the Ohio, yer started for the Ohio, and to the Ohio ye’ve got to go. Take care you’re up by three o’clock, ’n’ out o’ the winder ef they lock ye in, ’n’ come down ter the corner here, ’n’ I’ll be waiting fer ye. But ye’ll never see hide nor hair of yer mother’s money, till ye be in Muskingum.”

What was said was done. Whether the Dunkers would have made the slightest opposition to the departure of Enos may be doubted. But it pleased Silas Ransom’s fancy to think that he was rescuing him from some terrible domination of some terrible priest, and that he had scored one in the great battle of liberty in this adventure. Probably the directors of the Dunkers had found out, by this time, that their convert would only serve them in some very inferior capacity, such as in fact poor

Enos had been familiar, at forge or in fishing-vessel, all his life. They had undoubtedly got more out of him in work than would pay them well for the food which he had eaten, and for the Capuchin robe which he wore away from them. His escape was a matter as little considered in their councils as would have been the flight of one pigeon more or less from the dovecots above their barns. But to Ransom the enlistment of Enos with his fortunes was an encouragement and real gain. He had now with him, in the lonely hours of his march, some one whom he could astonish, and even command. He made his way rapidly to the city of Lancaster, and, passing through that, crossed to the Monongahela River, at the place known to Pennsylvanians to-day as Brownsville, but then better known as Red Stone Old Fort.

At this moment, the people of that place supposed that they were to be the great city of the West. To this day a certain aspect, somewhat like that of the interior French towns, distinguishes the place from almost any other village in America. The main street is

as closely built as if it were in Orleans, the oldest church is a pretty stone church, which would seem at home in some old English town. People had crowded down to the shore, as if there were danger that there would not be room enough in Western Pennsylvania for their homes. Here Ransom arrived, with his newly gained follower, and, before he had been in the town ten minutes, was looking around in the numerous establishments of the boat-builders. For here he found a little fleet of "arks," which were in different stages of completion, and all of them were being driven forward, as Noah might have driven forward the original ark had a threatening black cloud appeared in the south. For the passion for emigration had not only struck Essex County, it was everywhere through the land; from New England to Carolina people had determined that they would go to the West. As they struck the rivers which flow into the Ohio, their first care was to build an ark. Indeed, that was the best equipped emigrant party which had with it men, as Cephas Titcomb's had, who themselves could take this matter in hand. For

the rest, they had to rely on such craftsmen as they could find at towns like Red Stone Old Fort or Brownsville. This place, not yet distinguished as being the birthplace of the great American statesman of to-day, was then distinguished as being at the head of the navigation of the Ohio. Boat-builders and carpenters of the greatest and of the least ability, had congregated there, and were ready to offer their services to every "ship of the prairie," as it arrived.

The builders of arks, however, were sadly disappointed in their interviews with Silas Ransom. He spoke with such language of contempt of the model of the crafts, which they had, in various stages, on the ways, that the men themselves turned away from him, reluctant to follow the conversation. He was not in search of an ark. He had satisfied himself, by an hour's conference in the different inns, or taverns as they were called, that Cephas Titcomb's party had not come to this branch of the river, and his first care, therefore, was to find a boat in which he and Enos might meet them at the junction of the Mo-

nongahela with the Alleghany. He did not fancy the river-built boats much more than he did the arks. But, fortunately for him and Enos, coming to a little yard rather lower down the river than the more important boat-building stations, he found a man actually engaged in laying out the keel and fastening on what might be called the ribs, of a skiff which was to accompany one of the large arks on the stocks just above. Ransom immediately closed with him a bargain for the work which he had done ; he told the man that he would give him a dollar for the right to use his tools in the next week ; and then, in fifteen minutes, his coat was off, and he was at work with Enos, in cutting down the cross-pieces and other parts which had been arranged for the skiff, so that they should make the proper lines of a Marblehead dory. Enos, to tell the truth, was more skilful as a carpenter than he was as a forgerman, as a fisherman, as a gardener, or as a devotee. The poor boy's spirits rose as he found himself with a saw in his hand, and, under Ransom's direction and with his work, in a couple of days there grew

up such a boat as Brownsville had never seen before, and as Brownsville has never seen since—a boat which would have floated with credit on the waters of the bay of Marblehead.

So it was that, after forty-eight hours' stay in Red Stone, Ransom and Enos bade good-bye to the somewhat slow Germans with whom they were surrounded, among whom they had made friends in spite of Ransom's domineering qualities. They waved a little American flag in triumph as they pushed off upon the rapids, and were on their way down the river to what we now call Pittsburgh, but what was then still often known as "old Duquesne." It would probably be safe to say that no emigrants of that summer went so rapidly forward after they struck the water. The custom, universal excepting with officers of the government, was for men to trust themselves to the current of the stream. But Ransom and Breed were both happier if they rowed thirty or forty miles a day, than they were if they sat still. Accordingly, in four or five different stretches each day, they gave themselves to the business of driving the dory along. And,

not to dwell on their curious adventures, as they passed Pittsburgh and went through the turns backward and forward of the river, it may be said that they arrived at the new settlement on the Muskingum, thanks to Ransom's impetuosity, more than a month before Cephas Titcomb could have arrived there under the most favorable circumstances, and nearly two months before, in point of fact, he did arrive.

Ransom would not have said that he expected to meet Sarah Parris and to shake her hand at the moment when he landed. But he did expect this. And a bitter disappointment crossed him when he found no woman at the little wharf, where he and Enos fastened their dory. He met one and another man whom he knew. He was led at once to General Rufus Putnam, the leader of the little colony, who knew him perfectly well, and called him cordially by name as he gave him his sunburned hand. But then, with a grief which had no words, but which showed no sign upon his face, poor Silas found that there was no Sarah Parris there; there were no Titcombs there,



and nobody knew that any such people were coming. In truth, he and Enos, in their swift push down the river, were the first arrivals of the summer from any place on the seaboard east of Lancaster.

He was, as the event proved, several weeks in advance of the Titcomb party. It was long before he could persuade himself of this. But every conversation he had, with one and another of the Essex County people who were on the ground, made it more sure. Ransom personally knew some of them. He knew of the antecedents of all. He was obliged to satisfy his eagerness by walking up and down the streets of the new-made city, and talking with one and another of the hard-working men and women. The town had been laid out with care by the surveyors, and the regular lines of the streets could be seen. Nothing was finished. Roads were as ruts and the horses' feet had left them. Fences were not begun; houses were only covered in. The "Campus Martius," which was a central parade, surrounded by a fortification against the Shawnees, was laid out as being a sufficient

defence against an enemy's incursion. To this defence Silas gave a somewhat qualified approval, as if he had been entirely acquainted with all the arts of fortification. Practically it was, at this moment, little more than a square stockade, in which, however, block-houses had already been partially built, and in these block-houses were the central offices and storehouses of the colony.

The way to the landing was well travelled. An occasional boat from the fort, or an occasional party of emigrants who had come from the western side of the mountains, brought in a little wave of interest, from day to day, as Ransom's own arrival had done. But it would be fair to say that never in his life had he found his time hang so heavy, nor had he known so little what to do with himself, as in the first few days of his visit here. With his natural good nature, however, he "lent a hand," sailor-fashion, to one and another of his old friends whom he found here, and he was determined to make the time of use in making some preparations for the arrival of Miss Sarah.

## CHAPTER X.

WHILE Ransom was pushing down the river, Curwen was learning to talk German and to keep his temper among the workers in leather, whom he called Dutchmen, in Lancaster. And Sarah Parris, whom they were both seeking, was making nosegays or directing the copy-books of boys under a tent on the shore of the Alleghany River. Any guardian angel who had in charge the oversight of the three parties, could have seen them, at one moment, not two hundred miles from each other. The traveller of to-day would have torn his hair and burned his books were he obliged to wait thus until he could build his own boat. But the Titcomb women, as has been intimated, were not sorry for a few weeks in the open air, in a country unspoiled by man, in a perfect climate, in the rare month of June. The children took the temper of the elders, as children will, and the weeks sped pleasantly away.

At last the famous ark was finished, and a good ark it was, although the building of it had not taken so long as the building of Noah's. There was a great deal of joking about the name which the ark should bear—whether it should be called “Sarah” for Sarah Parris, or “Miriam” for Mrs. Titcomb. Mrs. Titcomb voted every time for Sarah, and Sarah voted always for Mrs. Titcomb, and instructed the boys to do so, but Mr. Titcomb, like Sarah, voted every time for Mrs. Titcomb; and thus, according as, at the discussion, there were more or less of those who had had a share of the building, the vote went for the one party or the other. At last it happened, on the same moonlight night, one eager party painted the name “Sarah” on the port bow—if bow it might be called—and at a later hour another party, under the same moon a little farther advanced in the heavens, painted “Miriam” on the starboard side of the cabin. So the ark started on its way with a double name.

One does not often see an ark on the Western waters now, though probably a diligent antiquarian or adventurer might find one. As

became a party of Newbury men, half of whom were ship-builders, and some of whom had even had a hand in the building of the *Protector*, the *Sarah-Miriam* was more stanch and seaworthy than were most of her class. Below, the vessel was what they would have called on the Merrimac a good hay-scow. The gunwale on each side ran up rather higher than it would have done for a hay-scow, but there was not any very heavy freight to put on board, and all that one wanted, as John Fairchild said, was that "the critters and the babies should not tumble over." Ample space was reserved for the "critters" fore and aft. They stood a little as the "critters" stand on a Jersey ferry-boat to-day. Indeed, there were many occasions on the voyage when, on a favoring shore, they were able to land for green food and exercise. Amidships, a cabin, well protected to stand the weather of June and July, took up perhaps one-half of the space in the long scow. But it was not so wide but that one could walk on the right hand and on the left, as one walks on the guards of a Mississippi steamer to-day. And it was not so

frail, but on top there were chairs and a long settee, so that here was the favorite place for all parties to sit as they floated along, unless, indeed, the sun were too severe.

As for means of motion, the Alleghany River, and afterward the Ohio itself, took care of that. All rivers run to the sea, and these rivers, as they ran, bore with them the emigrants who were faring West. It is true that the way was not as direct as the modern railway engineer would make it. Sometimes they went north and sometimes south, sometimes they went east and sometimes west, but their progress, if not fast, was sure, and as Red Jacket said of his life, "they had all the time there was." Cephas Titcomb and the other men would growl a little when after a good run to the southwest the river chose to bend and carry them back again toward the rising sun, but there was nothing to be gained by growling, and the women and children were soon hardened to all signs in the heavens, excepting to those of threatening or present rain or lightning.

At night, as sunset drew near, all eyes were

eager to find a good spot on the broad bank, where the ark might be run up and tethered, where a fire could be made upon the shore, and the pork fried and the tea made, and where children, and perhaps beasts, might have a run. Then the men were apt to sleep on shore; the women generally preferred the seclusion, and, indeed, the security of the cabin. There was more or less talk of risk from Indians, but Indians they never saw, and Sarah became quite incredulous of such stories, as they drifted on. At the earliest gray of morning the fire would be built, and whoever was responsible for the cooking, came to make the breakfast, and to make ready what should be eaten at noon. As soon as it was light enough to discern a "sawyer" or a snag, the ark would be unmoored, and would be floating again upon its way.

The word snag has come into the English language, and has a meaning generally known. A "sawyer" was a log firmly fixed at one end, but working backward and forward with the current. It took its name from the resemblance of its motion to that of an old-fashioned saw in a saw-pit,

For the women folks there was sewing enough and knitting enough, and a reasonable share of time and care was needed to keep the children from climbing too high, or from tumbling into the water. There were two or three books to read, and Mrs. Titcomb's invaluable scrap-books, which Sarah had dipped into already ; and there was, of course, long talk on the mysterious future before them. Sarah never forgot her promise to kind Parson Cutler that she would cut and dry plants for him, to send back if ever she had an opportunity, and all the boatmen and all the children were eager to bring contributions to her from the treasures, wholly new, of the woodland and the meadow land as it opened upon them. Long letters home were written to take the chance of conveyance by a returning emigrant. But they were within twenty miles of Fort Harmar before anything occurred which could be called an adventure.

They had tethered the boat a little earlier than usual, when three rifle-shots, fired together, called their attention to the other side of the river, and here they saw the women of another



party, people whom, by this time, they knew perfectly well, waving a flag, and evidently beckoning to them. In the courtesies of ark life, these other emigrants had kept up very friendly relations with our party. More than once they had breakfasted together, and often one party had "spent the day" with the other. This waving of the flag was simply an invitation that our friends should come across the river to a cup of tea. Probably the hunters had brought in a deer out of season, or, perhaps, a stray wild turkey.

Cephas Titcomb hesitated about accepting the invitation, but the boys were eager to go, and, after some hesitancy, he gave his consent that they and Mary might go, as Sarah said she would go with them and take care of them. For Sarah was accredited the best boatman of the party, as well she might be, knowing all the intricacies of Salem and Marblehead Harbor, and well able to pull a dory through the surf on any beach in any bay. To be sure, she knew, and Cephas Titcomb knew, that all this had nothing to do with the management of a dug-out; but at the same time he would

have been ashamed of his own boys if they could not paddle the dug-out across the river and back at any time of day or night, and the presence of Sarah was rather a precaution of prudence, that all persons might be home early enough, than it was a compliment to her powers of navigation.

So the boys' hair was brushed, their Sunday hats put on, Mary was properly arrayed for a visit, and the four started in the rude canoe, Sarah in the stern and the two boys paddling. When they came into the proper current of the river they found it faster than they expected. It happened that at the same moment an unexpected squall struck them from the northwest, so that they found they could not make their course so perfectly direct to the other ark as they had proposed. Sarah bade the boys let the head fall off a little, and told them they would easily enough work up in the eddy of the southern shore. So in fact they would have done. She was rightly manœuvring her little vessel, and was passing one of the little islands, on the south side of the river, when Cephas, by some accident or care-

lessness, lost his stroke. The boat swerved a little too near the shore, and struck into the top of a fallen tree, which projected several rods into the water. On the instant she rolled over, and all of them were swimming. The current ran very fast, and they found the bottom of the boat "fearfully slippery," as Mary Titcomb said afterward.

They could get no hold upon it, and Sarah said afterward that she doubted whether it helped them or hindered them most. But as the younger Cephas said, he did not want to lose the boat. He seemed to be indifferent, even to carelessness, to any risk of his own life. But seeing, in a moment, that neither his sister nor Sarah were in any fear of sinking, he bade them shelter themselves on the island, and said that he would go down with the boat, turn it over with the first chance, and bring it back to them. His brother determined to hold on in the same adventure, and the girls, thus losing their escort, looked about for some means of working their way in under the willows to the shore.

"Never fear, Mary. Come with me, come

with me," and turning on her back, Sarah struck out boldly to the point which stretched below them. The frightened child obeyed her, and in less than a minute they found themselves clutching to the arms of a fallen willow. Of course, the branches tangled themselves in their dresses, but, after a little dragging, and pulling, and tearing, they dragged themselves along till their feet struck the sand, and in a minute more they were out of the water upon the shore.

At such a time the first feeling, to a person who has never undergone the experience before, is surprise at the possible wetness of clothing. After that comes gratitude or indignation or hope or fear. In the present case, Sarah laughed and poor little Mary cried. But the elder girl took possession of the other, in an instant pulled off the outer wraps, which were not very heavy on that July evening, and began to wring the water from them. The sun was already down, and she was doubtful how their night would take care of itself, but she pushed along under the bushes, and through the tangle as well as she might, to see what

sort of an island had changed her into a Robinson Crusoe. A minute more, and her questions were all answered. There were evident signs of human presence. Logs had been cut, and she could see the stumps of fallen trees. She pressed on with her little charge, and in a moment more came out upon what was half a tent and half a cabin, with a little smoke rising behind it, full in the face of the first Indian women whom she had ever seen in her life.

Once more, the interview had not the terror which she would have said would have attached to it, had one asked her that morning how she would have liked to meet two Indian squaws. The consciousness that there was a bit of fire, where that wet child could be dried, quite overcame her fear of tomahawk or scalping-knife. And, while she was inwardly aware that she ought to be conciliating these queens of the soil, if such they were, Sarah once more broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

To tell the truth, the queens of the soil had not much of the aspect of Boadicea or of Zenobia, or of any other of the mistresses of man-

kind. They were very dirty, their faces were heavy, the black hair, which fell around their very dirty faces, was tangled and matted—each of them was wrapped in a blanket, which seemed never to have been white or yellow, and each of them was smoking a corn-cob pipe. The first thought of which the girl was really conscious, was one which had nothing to do with the circumstances in which she found herself. It was this question: “Why in the world do people call these Indians copper-colored? and why did that Major Denny call them yellow?” Indeed her own feeling was that they were very black, and of the color of dirt, or smoke, whatever that color might be. But an instant was enough for these critical considerations, Essex-bred. The girl at once assumed the most friendly attitude—approached, as if she were quite sure of those to whom she spoke, and offered to them her hand.

## CHAPTER XI.

**H**ARRY CURWEN, meanwhile, was drawing nearer and nearer to the Titcomb party. At Lancaster he stormed and fumed—let us think he did not swear—he flattered, coaxed and bribed. Zapoly's man was once put in the lock-up by a justice, who was called a Dutchman because he spoke German; and more than one of the old men whom Curwen consulted told him that they made the saddles as the great Dr. Franklin had told them to make them forty years before, and that they would make them in no other way. But, at last, Harry was able to send a special messenger, in post-haste, as it was called, to General Knox at New York. It seemed certain that the saddles would at last be delivered, and the wagoners ready for them, on the next Monday. The messenger was prompt, and Knox was prompt, so that on the ninth day after he had written to New York he received his orders, directing him and Count

Zapoly to take in charge the saddles, and carry them to Fort Washington on the Ohio River. That is to say, he was to be responsible for their delivery at the fort where the city of Cincinnati now stands. For this it was necessary that he should accompany them in a wagon to the Monongahela River, that he should superintend the building or the purchasing of the boat which was to take them, and then deliver them to the commanding officer at the fort. For this purpose he received the government's commission for the first time. He was instructed to permit Zapoly and a servant to accompany him as volunteers.

Zapoly had begged of Knox this favor when he passed through New York. "I shall not be difficult," he said, half in French and half in English. "Give me all the days an omelette, and a little of soup, and I shall be very content." Knox was obliged to tell him that he had named the two articles of food which at that moment could not be prepared in America.

Curwen was instructed also to wait in Lancaster, until he should receive ten or twelve recruits, whom the recruiting officers in Philadel-



phia would forward to him. The men came, in fact, before the saddles were ready. They were not much better than Falstaff's regiment. The government paid but little; the probable service was hard. In these days we should have called the recruiting officer an agent for the Society for Discharged Convicts, so many gentry of doubtful reputation had he enlisted. Uncle Sam could not be a chooser. He had to take what he could have. And Harry found himself in company with a motley set of soldiers, so called, from every country and every State, who had enlisted—some from a love of adventure, some to get away from their wives, some to escape the sheriff, and others from no motive at all, which could be defined. At this moment they had not even been formed into an awkward squad.

Among them was a tall, delicate-looking young Virginian, to whom Harry took a fancy from the first moment when he met the sergeant who had this party in charge. He made a chance to speak to the boy, who was shy and lonely, and drew from him, without difficulty, his whole story. He had come from a lonely

home near Fort Cumberland. Years ago, when he was not more than twelve years old, in a raid of Indians across the mountains, they had carried off his sister. The boy, boylike, had even then tracked the party of marauders, in the childish hope of rescuing her. And now that he had shot up to the height which gave him the right to go about among men, he had enlisted in the army in the hope of finding her. It was clear enough to Harry, who was endowed with the preternatural wisdom of three-and-twenty, that the boy had no other requisite for a soldier life than the five feet nine inches, without which he could not pass the recruiting sergeant, unless, indeed, indomitable will were to be counted as a requisite. Of that the good lad had abundance. He was simple in manners, very shy, as has been said, and avoided, as a woman might do, the rough play and jokes of the reckless men around him. Indeed, in the lonely log-cabin life of a single family, he had not learned all the language which came into the polyglot talk of these men. One of the many trials which the sensitive boy had to meet from hour to hour, came

from his own utter inability to understand the chaff which was thrown at him, the requests which were addressed to him, or even the commands of his superiors.

Crossing the mountains by the same route which Ransom had followed, this military party came, as he had done, to Brownsville. Here, also, they had a boat to build. It differed wholly from the ark of the settlers. General Harmar, or some other officer in high command, had said that a barge for the use of Fort Harmar or Fort Washington would be needed, and six or eight good ship-builders had been enlisted, nominally as "artificers," but with the understanding that they might ask for their discharge whenever they chose, after they arrived at the forts. Curwen had sent them on, while he waited in Lancaster, and at Old Fort Red Stone found his boat almost ready.

These men were quite the superiors of the rest in bearing and in education. But, as navigators, they had to do an extra turn of duty as the voyage went on, because half of the recruits hardly knew the difference between one

end of an oar and the other. In truth, the barge, so called, was much too large for any such service as was proposed at the forts. She was rather a "galley," as the language of the time had it. As the men always slept on shore, she was not an uncomfortable vessel for the enterprise they had in hand. Amidships, as the builders chose to say, a considerable space was taken for the stores of the party, and for the all-important pack-saddles. Fore and aft of this space were seats for rowers, who, with very heavy sweeps or oars, could hasten the vessel whenever the flow of the current was not considered sufficient for the purpose. It was not long before the boat-builders, who were all from New England ports, and rowed a boat as well as they built it, had trained the soldiers, as they were called by courtesy, to handling the heavy sweeps.

Day after day Curwen drove the barge along, eager to gain a day by which he might stop at Marietta, and show to Sarah Parris that somebody respected him. And so it happened, as things in this world will happen, that on the third day of his voyage, as his jolly crew and

he sped down the river, a little flag flying in the fore of the boat, Sarah and the children waved their flag as a signal on their side, while the barge flew by on the other, and the eager young man never dreamed whom he was passing. It was Gabriel and Evangeline again.

Harry Curwen saw that the boy Clendenin was not strong enough for this work, and managed, by one excuse or another, to call him off. Eventually he attached him to his person, and the boy discharged the thousand duties of an officer's servant. Curwen made a log like that which would have been used in one of the Salem East Indian voyages, and he made a pretence of keeping a journal of the rapidity with which the boat sailed, using his log as the basis of his observations. This he had put into Phil Clendenin's charge, and the easy work of guessing at their speed, and making notes of the rapidity of their voyage, relieved the boy from further duty.

It was clear enough, whenever they stopped at night, that he was grateful for the "Yankee's" oversight, and was eager to repay it, with a sort of gentleness and good-breeding

which had interested Harry from the first. Harry always would find that his bed had been made ready, that the stumps were carefully cut out, or the crooked snags dragged out, which would else have broken his back in his night's turnings. The reeds and branches would be brought by Clendenin's care, with which the bed was made.

As they sat at the fire one night, Curwen pressed the boy for old stories of frontier life. In a more confiding mood than usual, the young Virginian gave some idea of the way in which he was brought up, and he told a story of what happened in his very earliest recollections. One cold night they were all awakened by the barking of the dogs outside their little cabin. "I was five years old," said Clendenin, "I should have never thought of it again but for what followed. My father got up in his shirt, pushed open the doors to see why the dogs barked, and in an instant fell back on the ground. A bullet had struck him in the breast the moment the door was opened. My mother, who was close behind him, rushed to the door and bolted it, and was only just in time. I can

tell you, Mr. Curwen, the bolts are strong in those cabins, and if the cabin will stand the door will stand. This was just what the door had been built for.

“The redskins did not mean to be kept out by bolts, and little boy as I was, I knew what they were doing, when they began to hack at the door with their tomahawks. It is queer, sir, but the thing that I remember is a great bit of wood breaking out and hitting me on the head, and seeing the axe come through. Then the hole grew bigger and bigger, and more axes came through, but my mother told me to get under the bed, which I did not do. But she stood in the corner with father’s axe, waiting until the first Indian stuck his arm through the door, and then his head. The minute his head came in she hit him hard with the back of the axe twice, and I can see the blood run down on the floor now, Mr. Curwen. He had got so far in that he hung, sir, in the hole, and she was so all-fired wild, that she pulled him in. We had not had a chance to cry out, before another of the critters poked his head in in the same way. She waited a minute longer

this time, until half of his body was in, and she hit him just the same way, on the back of his head. Then there came a third, and then a fourth, and my mother dragged them all back and laid them out in the corner. Then the critters outside began to guess what had happened, and no more came in at the door. They were gone so long that she nailed her bread-board over the hole, but then she heard a noise on top of the cabin. My mother knew what it was, but she did not dare to go to the chimney for fear of the door, so she threw her knife to me, and told me to cut open the feather bed, and throw the feathers into the fire. I do not think I was in the least frightened; I was wide awake, you may be sure, and I threw the feathers into the fire. And I was just in time. Two of them came pitching down the great wooden chimney, smothered by the smoke, and fell into the open coals. By this time my father had come to, and got upon his feet. He found his gun, which she had not had time to handle. He blew out the brains of one of them, and she finished the other with the axe. My father said afterward that another man



tried to get in, but he got as good as he sent, and went away howling. They tell this story all up and down the valley now, and one of these copper-headed redskin blackguards said afterward when he came into Cumberland to trade, 'Things was bad. The white squaws fought worse than the long knives.' "

Curwen did not wonder that a boy who could tell such stories as this had in his blood the elements of a scout or Indian hunter. After he had heard this story, he did not so much wonder that he did not succeed in impressing upon Clendenin the sentiments of humanity with regard to the redskins which he had brought with him from his eastern home.

With such help as the long oars and stout arms of the recruits gave, with the occasional good luck of heavy rains swelling the current of the river, the boat made as fast progress as any one ought to have expected. Master Harry Curwen, who was eager to show the woman whom he loved that he had found a place in the world and was respected by other people, thought that the boat did not go fast enough. And particularly, when by the va-

garies of the current he found himself sailing directly east, when his heart was rushing west, he quarrelled with fortune as young men will. But, what with an occasional extra glass of grog, which he took the responsibility of serving out to the crew, and what with making the days as long as he and the sergeant dared, the boat made the shortest trip, as it proved, which had yet been made, except by Ransom, and arrived safely at Fort Harmar. When the last day came the young man dressed himself in his uniform as an officer of the Massachusetts militia, assumed such military aspect as he could, and reported to General Harmar.

To say the truth he was a little disappointed when he came to see the fort. He had seen Fort Pitt, as he passed it, but had supposed that that was an exception to what he was to find westward. The word fort gave him associations of what he had heard and read of Marlborough's campaigns, and of Frederick, and he was a little disappointed when he found that the defences most to be relied upon were the stout wooden posts which were erected just like "a pale fence," as he wrote home to

one of his Salem friends, only with the poles ten feet high and the logs of which they were made a foot or two in diameter. Within, however, was a parade, properly enough arranged, and, as it happened, a company of men were at dress parade when the boat arrived. Curwen and Zapoly were also duly challenged by the sentinel, and other military forms were gone through, as if they had been an invading army and the garrison a garrison of some thousand men. The boy liked General Har-mar, who was quick and to the point, received him as a gentleman, and at once put him in the care of an officer, who found him a room in one of the barracks and did his best to make him feel at home. With the military business which passed between the lad and the old soldier, we need not now interfere. The matter most on his heart is most on ours.

He had still some days' voyaging before him before he could deliver his pack-saddles at Fort Washington. But at last he was, as he supposed, within a few miles of the woman he loved. He could not pass by her. It was easy enough to persuade himself and to per-

suade General Harmar that his motley crew needed to refresh and refit themselves at the fort. For him, he wanted to see the Yankee settlement on the Muskingum just above, which was full of Essex people. "Do as you will," said the old soldier. "You are not under my orders. Your saddles will be of use when they get ready yonder, but I shall not be there—oh, for weeks I shall not be there. Our Kentucky friends are very slow."

So Curwen asked for a boat; chose four of his best men as oarsmen, and very soon stood on the little wharf on the Muskingum at Marietta, just as poor Ransom had stood there three or four weeks before. Curwen, too, worked his way up through the muddy street to the Campus Martius. He asked for General Putnam, who knew him well. They had met more than once at the May meetings of the Essex militia and at fall parades. He was delighted to give his hand to the son of an old companion-in-arms. Curwen's uniform reminded him of home, and it was pleasing to the old soldier to see so fine a settler.

"You have come to stay with us; you have

come to stay with us?" said he. "That is so good. I shall have the best blood of Essex here."

No, Harry Curwen had not come to stay. He was in Uncle Sam's commission, though he wore the uniform of Massachusetts still. He was on the way to Fort Washington, but he had come up to see the Yankee town on the Muskingum. And General Putnam begged him to make his headquarters in the block-house his home.

No, he could not stay, he said. But he had a message—and here his voice faltered—for a family of settlers from Newbury, Mr. Cephas Titcomb and his wife. And here he tried to hold his voice that the general might not know his secret. "Miss Sarah Parris, the daughter of your old friend, is with them."

Putnam turned on him with a certain decision. "There are no such people here, Mr. Curwen! It seems to me that everybody who comes into this place is asking after Miss Sarah Parris and the Titcombs! Whitcombs I thought there were, but there are no Titcombs here; I am sure that no such people

have arrived. I will tell you who was asking for them ; it is now three weeks ago. John, when was it that Silas Ransom came in and was so much cut up because we could not tell him anything about these Whitcombs or Miss Parris ?" And John, in the vague recollection of a hard-pressed bureau of information, was sure that that was five or six weeks before. Curwen found, to his amazement, that, with all the speed of his party and the willingness of his rowers, Silas Ransom was long before him.

All that day he searched for Silas Ransom. He never asked anybody about him who was not sure that he was in the next street or in the next cabin. But all that day Harry did not find him. No, nor did he find him on the next day. Before he had done, he had gone into every cabin in Marietta. He had received the same reply, but he had made himself sure that Silas Ransom was not there. No possible excuse could be made for tarrying at the little colony any longer, and, a much sadder man than he was when he arrived, he dropped back in his boat to Fort Harmar.

## CHAPTER XII.

"I WAS the wettest girl that ever you did see." Thus wrote Sarah Parris to the old friends at home. "Indeed, I did not know any one could be so wet. And as we dragged ourselves along the beach, and over the trunks of fallen trees, it seemed to me as though I should have done better, if I were drowned. But poor little Mary was crying bitterly, and it seemed to do me good to have to keep her alive. And in a minute more I saw smoke, and I took it for granted that all was well. I never once thought that the Indians could make as good fires as the white people, though for a day or two we had been on the lookout for Shawnees."

In truth, the one terror of the expedition had been that they might fall into the hands of some roving Shawnees, who would prefer the present plunder of such a party to any advantage, real or potential, which might belong

to such treaty obligations as bound them to the Great Father at New York. The Great Father, as he then existed, was hardly two years old, and any prospect of his strength or power to redress injury did not much affect the average Shawnee conscience. But, as it happened in this case, and as Sarah soon found, there was no occasion for alarm. The men of the party were away hunting, and the dirty, smoke-begrimed squaws and children who met them, seemed at first as much afraid as she was. She had native pluck enough to make the best of the situation. She dragged the crying child across the beach, up to the fire, and said to her, "You will soon be dry," as if she had built the fire herself; and then with a cheerful smile offered her hand frankly to the only woman of the party who rose from the ground to meet her. She remembered at the instant that the Shawnee squaw would not be likely to speak English, and was wondering for a moment what she would say, when the other good-naturedly enough, but without smiling, gave a hand to the child, lifted her where she could rest against the cottonwood



log against which the fire was burning, and said, "Wet, wet, cold and wet. Warm more by-by, by-by warm more ; cold, wet, cold, wet."

Sarah was amused and surprised that the responsibility of the conversation was thus taken from her. She assented to these simple propositions, chiefly by repeating the words of the other, in different inflections, and varied order, somewhat as she would do in saying a lesson in a French primer ; and she adapted herself to the occasion, by taking off some of her outer clothing and of that of the little girl, and proceeding to wring the water out from them as well as might be. In this act, sufficiently necessary, the other joined her, Sarah laughing already and her hostess quiet and grave.

"But really, my dear aunt," Sarah wrote to Mrs. Whitman, "from that time she and I were very good friends." "I remember thinking if they were going to roast me alive, it would be good to get dry and warm as it began. But the young woman was so good-natured in her deeds, though she was so glum in her looks. that I was not afraid two minutes after it began."

The other women looked on grave as Sphinxes might have been. But gradually, as the three worked over petticoats and shawls and stockings, and brought them into tolerable condition, hag No. 1, hag No. 2, and hag No. 3, took more and more interest in these various processes, and at last little Mary Titcomb found that she had conquered her terrors and was not above wondering what could come out of the broken iron pot which formed a sort of centre-piece in the fire, and from which clouds of steam came up in puffs as the women kept the fire up with driftwood.

As the long twilight advanced, one and another dive into the pot made by hag No. 2, with a long fork of cherry wood, seemed to show that affairs were advancing toward a solution of the girl's wonder. Sarah made one or two efforts at conversation with the younger girl, who had given to them such welcome as they had had. But any reader of these lines, who, after the full French course of the "New Padua Female Seminary," has found out, say in Normandy, how little the average French

peasant understands of the French language, will readily believe that the two young women did not obtain much mutual information. Whether the Shawnee women had any boat or canoe by which Sarah and her companion could cross to the western shore, she could not find out; nor why they had, all three, been left together on the island with no men folk visible. Sarah had never heard that invaluable counsel, "the dumb man's borders still increase," but she was forced to fall back on the great truth hidden in it, whether she would or no. She and Mary, however, had all the more conversation because the communion with the Indian girl was so unsatisfactory. Mary consulted her as to the propriety of their eating, or, perhaps, drinking the provision in the pot.

"My dear child," said Sarah, "if they ask us we had certainly better take what they will give, 'asking no questions, for conscience' sake.' I am sure that dear Dr. Bentley would tell us that this was good sense and good Scripture. I am not so doubtful about eating

—for I had but little dinner—as I am about what we should eat with. But we are as well off as Adam and Eve were.”

And this matter was soon tested. Hag No. 2 announced by sundry “ughs!” and more definitely by lifting the pot from the coals, that she was satisfied with her study of the contents. Hags No. 1 and No. 3 then rose from the sand where they had been crouching, and, at a call from them, three or four children appeared who had kept away before. The three hags and the interpreter produced such articles of table furniture as were at hand or as were thought necessary. These were, first, a long bit of bark, which was laid on the sand of the upper part of the beach, and supported with stones that it might not roll. To Sarah’s surprise and relief, two or three bowls of cracked earthenware, two or three half-gourds, and three small wooden trenchers appeared. A trencher was given to Mary, and a gourd to Sarah, who kept it from rolling by sticks and little shells from the ground. The old pot was then set on the stones just above it. A rude earthen pot appeared in the hands of hag No.

1, and this was set upon the bark. Then hag No. 2, with a long gourd from which one slice had been cut, so that it made an excellent dipper, ladled out the contents of the iron pot into the earthen one. She uttered several grunts, probably of approval, though of this let no one speak certainly. Certain discussion in the Shawnee tongue followed, of which there is no record on the cylinder of any phonograph, or in any earthly archives. But it was clear enough that none of the party were dissatisfied. Sarah suspected already what proved to be true, that the basis of their meal would be boiled hominy.

So soon as the mixture had a little cooled, No. 2 practically announced that condition of things to the others, by plunging deep with a large shovel, made from an elk horn, into the mass at the bottom, and bringing up two or three loads of the more solid substances. As Sarah had guessed, the principal material was pounded corn, and the boiling had made a tolerable hominy. But this was interspersed with the joints of two or three squirrels, which had been added.

As soon as hag No. 2 had discovered that all was cool enough, she ladled out from pot No. 2 a mass of the whole compound, and distributed it in the several gourds and platters. Then, and not till then, did hag No. 3 produce several wooden and horn spoons, of various shapes and sizes, and distribute them. Mary was beside herself with eagerness to begin, and was relieved from a certain fear which she had had, that she could not take the hominy with her fingers. There was no semblance on the part of any one of waiting for a proper moment to begin. As soon as a hag filled a gourd, its possessor for the moment began to empty it. Poor little Mary followed an example so excellent. She burned her mouth at first a little, but this experiment gave her caution. "Is there no salt, dear Auntie?" she said after a minute. "None this side the Kentucky licks, I am afraid," said Sarah, laughing. "We must thank God for hominy, and eat it without salt." "But here are big peppercorns, Auntie, if they only tasted like pepper." No; they only simulated pepper in shape. They were dried berries which had been puffed out by the

hot water. In truth, they had lost any flavor which they had had, in the drying.

The squirrels had been cut or torn to pieces before they were put in the pot, and Mary had no difficulty in managing them with her fingers, expressing to her so-called aunt her wonder as to what her mother would say, if she saw such defiance of the decorous table habits of Essex County. It seemed, however, that something more was expected at the feast than these elements provided. This something more appeared, after the joints of the squirrels had been selected by one and another of the party, when two of the hags, diving again in the first pot with a fork made of wood, brought out in triumph a fish which Sarah recognized as a small catfish, such as she had herself more than once cooked since they had been on the river. In a moment more another was brought forth from the same depths. There was little talk of the methods of carving. So soon as the fish were cool enough to eat, a smart blow from a little hatchet divided each of them into two parts, and the four halves thus created were torn to pieces by the ready

fingers of the darker members of the hungry company. In the distribution, however, Sarah and her younger friend were not neglected, and large flakes of the fish were assigned them. Before the feast was all over, even the long summer twilight was over also, and it was finished under such light as the flickering fire gave. Very little was said as it went on. Whether what was said was approbation of the cooks or severe criticism Sarah could not guess, so passionless was the tone of the speakers. But when all was over, the various dishes and gourds were taken by one and another to the river, and roughly washed, and then piled altogether upon the driftwood, well up from the beach. The English-speaking woman, if so she may be called, who had a vocabulary of perhaps twenty words of English, then resumed her care of the two waifs who had been flung upon the shore. She beckoned Mary, and led Sarah to a certain tent, roughly made of two buffalo robes stretched upon branches of cottonwood, which our friends had not seen before, hidden, as it were, by a growth of willow trees. Two such tents had



been pitched together there, and under the shelter of that to which they were led, Mary and Sarah lay down not unwillingly, finding that they were in the hands of such a good friend. The friend discovered another buffalo robe, sadly worn, and not of the sweetest smell, which she threw over them after they lay down, in the same unsympathetic manner which she had shown before.

“If she had been going to cut our throats,” wrote Sarah to her aunt afterward, “she could not have been more melancholy about it. But for me, I was so tired I thanked her heartily, hoping she understood some word I said, and before you could say ‘Jack Robinson,’ I was asleep, and so was Mary.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE two girls slept the sleep of the righteous, with the advantage which the righteous do not always have, that one of them was but twenty years old, and the other was hardly thirteen. It was with a struggle that Sarah roused herself to consciousness, in the gray of the morning—indeed, when she could hardly see—though she had opened her eyes, finding herself summoned by the English-speaking member of the Shawnee party. This woman then made a prompt gesture of silence, which gave her to understand that the fewer words spoken the better. The woman awakened Mary as soon as she saw Sarah was awake, and in a whisper Sarah bade her to be as still as she could be. In a moment they were both upon their feet, and their guide silently led them along the beach, on the other side of the island from where they had been upset. Here, in the gray morning light, to Sarah's infinite

relief, they could see a canoe stranded. She needed no solicitations, when her guide pointed her where she was to sit. She placed Mary on the seat, but did not enter the canoe herself till she had helped the other to push it down the sand, and it was afloat in the water. The girl had herself rowed dories through the surf at Marblehead, and would have had no trouble in paddling the canoe, even had she been alone, but she was not to be alone. Her silent guide pushed the boat into the water, and held it where the water was above her own knees, and then, when she saw Sarah and Mary both seated in the stern, entered it herself, so dexterously that they were hardly aware of any roll in the light craft, and then with her own paddle steered off shore. She let the current carry her well by the island, then crossed to the western or southern side, and in the eddy which she found there worked up to the very camp which the girls and Cephas Titcomb had been trying to make when their unfortunate accident befell them. The sky began to grow red in the east, as she ran the canoe upon the beach there, and pointed to the ark which lay a

little way above. Then, without so much as heeding Sarah's good-bye, she entered her canoe as she had done before, paddled stoutly out into the current, and permitted herself to drift down to her island. She had made no attempt to explain herself, and Sarah's eager expressions of gratitude to her seemed to fall unheeded; they were, perhaps, wholly unintelligible. For herself, Sarah Parris was more rejoiced than words could tell. With her charge she walked along the sand to the ark, and as she approached it, saw one of the men come out, stretching himself and yawning, from a little shelter which he had made for himself in the cottonwood. He recognized her, having, indeed, often seen her, in the hospitalities of the voyage of the fleet, if it may be so called, and, of course, asked her story, which was quickly told. The other inmates of the ark were called at once, even rather earlier than, perhaps, they had expected; a fire was soon built upon the shore, and an early breakfast made. With the skiff which this ark trailed with her as a sort of tender, the two girls were soon dispatched to their side of the river, and

carried with them their own account of their adventure.

“So, my dear aunt, all’s well that ends well.” This is the end of the letter which Sarah wrote to her aunt in the morning, as they were waiting for the return of the two boys. There was a certain anxiety lest these boys might have fallen into the hands of the hunting party, whose weaker side had rendered the two girls the hospitalities of the night before. As often as once in a quarter of an hour a shot was fired, in the hopes that it might call some response from them if they were straggling in the woods, and once Mr. Titcomb even loaded the little swivel which he had upon the ark, and made it wake the echoes of the banks on both sides. But the balance of probabilities was in favor of the two stout boys, who had been seen holding on by the canoe; and, in fact, before two o’clock of the same day, the boys presented themselves. They had drifted down the river farther than they expected before they had been able to make the shore; then, in the morning, they had made a visit, which had taken them more time

than they liked, to what Mary insisted on calling "the friendly island," but they had at last escaped from the temptations of the sirens there, and worked their way up to the encampment of the party. This would have been done much more quickly, had they known the eddies and currents as well as did Sarah's guide.

Everything was then refitted for the voyage down the river, and we have now told "the only adventure which was an adventure," as Sarah wrote in her letter to her aunt, which occurred before the party arrived in the mouth of the Muskingum. The Ohio River, at this point, sweeps down almost parallel with the Muskingum, and then, after a sudden turn, receives the addition made by that river. The Titcombs knew the lay of the land well enough to be on the look-out for the fort, and the great helm of the ark brought her up to its landing. The current of the Muskingum that day was very strong, and the hour was late. Gen. Harmar and the officers were cordial and hospitable, and begged the travellers to spend the night within the barracks. But they could not

bear to come so near the journey's end without finishing it, and Mr. Titcomb excused himself from accepting these hospitalities. He would leave the ark, he said, to be carried across the stream when he should find where she was to lie; but he borrowed one of the boats of the garrison, and with his boys paddled the women of the party across and up to the Marietta landing, carrying with them such conveniences as they might need for the night. And so, just as the sun went down, they found themselves in their new home. It was a week to a day since Harry Curwen had for the last time, landed at the same spot, and had walked up to First Street, looking after the very people who, in their turn, were now wondering at all they saw. Every one asked first for General Rufus Putnam. That noble leader of the people—a man who showed himself equal to the largest cares and concerns—was called upon, almost of course, for each smallest service, and was as ready in the one as he was successful in the other.

At this moment he was in his own cabin, with the members of his household around

him, at supper. To Mary's amusement, the string, of which she had often heard, hung out from an augur hole in the door, and when a hearty "Come in!" answered her father's knock, and he pulled at this string, the wooden latch rose, and the door swung open. At a long pine table, set on trestles, was a large party of men and women. At the head was Rufus Putnam, looking the leader that he was. He was still in the prime of life—tall, vigorous, and handsome. In a moment he had sprung from his seat and came forward cordially, but he said at once, "I do not know you, do I?" The elder Titcomb laughed and said, "I know you, General; everybody knows you, but you have not spoken to me since the day you sent me, with a file of men, to burn the bridge over Dobson's Creek, in Jersey. I don't know, General, but I always thought that when you turned away, you said to that Frenchman that the ten of us were enough to be cut to pieces. I was Sergeant Titcomb, that day, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts; now, I am plain Cephas Titcomb, and I have come with my folks to see



what kind of farming there is in the Muskingum."

Rather to his surprise, General Putnam seemed to care more for his name than for the memory of Dobson's Creek, although he perfectly well remembered the circumstance of the bridge. The general confessed very frankly that he probably said to the French officer that the file of men which he sent were enough to be cut to pieces. But now, with a laugh, he was willing to say, "You understood your business so well that we cut off that whole cavalry troop, if you remember; and I think, Sergeant, that you were not sergeant many days longer." At which recollection of his promotion, the other smiled, well pleased. But the conversation drifted at once into matters of more immediate importance.

"Your name is Titcomb?" said General Putnam, "Titcomb, and you are from Newbury?" Cephas replied that it was precisely so.

"Who is it, who is it, who is here, who

wants to see you?" said General Putnam. "There was a man asking for you here yesterday; no, not yesterday, but not long ago. Are there any Newbury people here whom you know? The Boyntons and their set have moved up the river to Belpré."

Cephas Titcomb enumerated the various Newbury families who would know him, and the general again raked his memory, all filled as it was with a thousand such details, to recollect who had been asking for some Titcombs.

But, meanwhile, his women folk had asked in the other women folk, had entreated them hospitably, and made them lay aside their wraps; and stools and boxes and barrels had been provided for them to sit upon. The men of Putnam's household had moved away, some with bits of bread and pork in their hands, and some pretending their supper was finished. Clean plates had been brought and put upon the table, and, in spite of all protestations that they were not hungry, good Mrs. Titcomb, Sarah, Mary, and the rest found themselves seated at the amply provided table. No

token here of the destitution or starvation of new colonists. The different hospitalities were pressed by Mrs. Putnam, who presided at the table, and matters were going on with rapid question and answer, as to the success of the voyage. But Sarah could not listen to her, and she was unable to answer the question as to what she saw at Fort Pitt, because she heard General Putnam say :

“I have it, Whitcomb; I know who was asking after you. That queer fellow, Silas Ransom, was the first man from the sea we had here. You know him. He used to work for Cabot, and went off afterward with one of the Dodges. Queer fellow—always knows your business better than you do yourself—and is apt to tell you so. Well, he came here in a dory—a Marblehead dory”—and the general laughed at his joke. “He was sure you were here. He took days to show us all that you were here, and he said ‘none on us knew a cussed thing about our own business.’ He’s gone. John, where is he?”

And John said that he believed Ransom

and his companion were at Belpré, some fifteen miles up the river.

"That is so," said the general. "Then there was another man wanted to see you, and asked about Miss Parris—that I am sure of," said the old soldier, bowing to Sarah. "He came up from Fort Harmar. Titcomb, you know the man; it was Harry Curwen. He is a lieutenant in your Salem company. He acted as aide to Varnum two years ago at the muster at Ipswich. I don't know whether your company was there, but I saw him. We had diuner together that day in my tent. A nice manly looking fellow he is, though he is of the old Tory stock. It was he that was here, and he was asking after you."

"Asking after me?" said Cephas Titcomb. "Why should any of the Curwens ask after me? My brother John, he see old 'Lisha Curwen in London once when the war was over, and he said that the old Tory sung pretty small, and wished he was back in Essex again. I guess they all do, General. I guess they'd rather be in your cabin here than feasting with the king in his palace. But I never see

any of the Curwens. They went their way and I went mine. Why should any of the Curwens ask after Cephas Titcomb?"

Sarah Parris listened with all her ears. But the conversation refused to turn on the Curwens any more, and she found that the men were talking of trees, and lumber, and saw-mills, and boat-building, while the women were talking of Jersey tea, and drying berries, and weaving, and spinning, and she was left to wonder herself to sleep that night with the question, "How could it be that Harry Curwen should be talking to General Putnam?" and in wondering what had become of him.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SILAS RANSOM, in his disappointment, had at first vented his rage on the ignorance of the settlers around him. Then, in his own good nature, he had gone to work to help one and another in their gardening or building, as he thought they needed. But this was no life for his fancy. In a few days he felt sure that Miss Sarah's delay was longer than he had at first expected. He satisfied himself that summer would be over before she came, and that there would be no house ready for her. He considered it his own business to provide this house, and he looked round him accordingly.

The city of Marietta now has comfortable and happy homes for six or seven thousand persons. It had then, perhaps, three hundred in the same limits. But to them, and indeed to Ransom, these seemed close and crowded quarters. His general disposition compelled

him to disapprove of what had been done by persons who had not consulted him. And, in his usual habit, he condemned the plan and situation of Marietta pitilessly. "Miss Parris ain't goin' to live in none o' these hog-pens. Ain't used to no such places," he said. He had, by this time, invented the fiction that she had sent him in advance to take up land for her and to build her a house; that Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb were the farmer and the farmer's wife whom she had hired; and that, as they were delayed, he must himself put the winter grain and the turnips into the ground. He thought he should also sow some buckwheat. He was reticent in general, and only confided these plans to favorite companions. But, after the first days of his arrival, these were the plans he worked upon.

A rumor that Newbury people were at Belpré, some miles up the Muskingum, sent him up to their settlement. After he had come there he was never tempted to return. He had not been able to buy even a small allotment at Marietta. But at Belpré and above, he found "fresh fields and pastures new."

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The first settlers had taken up enormous "claims." Silas was wise enough to be satisfied with a hundred acres of the best woodland and meadow in the world. After walking around the different new-created farms for a day or two, sleeping under the sky where it might happen, he proposed to Achitophel Moody that he should sell to him these particular acres.

The man could not conceal his amazement.

"Why don't you go further, Silas?" said he.

"Coz uh should fare wus," replied Silas. "No good talkin'. Ain't buyin' fer merself. Uh don't want no land. 'M buyin' fer Miss Parris. She sez to me, sez she, fifty acres of meadow, Silas, 'n' fifty of woodland. That's enough, sez she. Ain't buyin' fer merself. 'M buyin' fer her. No good talkin'. Don't want no land merself. Gimme a deed. Go down to old Put's, 'n' I'll hand over yer money."

Achitophel of course declined. He lighted his pipe. Silas refused tobacco, as he always did. They sat and listened to the frogs, and when darkness was absolute pulled each a deerskin over him and slept on the hay.



But after breakfast Achitophel approached Silas, and renewed the talk of the evening. He had received the counsel of Mrs. Moody in the morning, and under her instructions attempted to persuade Silas to advance his price. Silas refused with storms, even with oaths. Achitophel returned to his wife—returned again to the place where Silas was splitting shingles, and closed the bargain. Silas counted out to him in gold the price agreed upon, and it was promised that the deed should be brought from Marietta the first time they went down for stores.

For Silas, he went to work at once, chopping down trees and cutting logs. Here was none of the easy cutting of pine trees with which his boyhood was familiar. But he was now known to be a man of means. One and another penniless stranger was glad to "hire out to him." Ten days saw logs enough of the right length for a raising. The newly finished saw-mill furnished slabs for a roof. Enos Breed was kept to such toil as he had never dreamed of. And so it was that, before five weeks were passed, there was a habitable cabin, ten acres

of prairie had been in a fashion broken up, and in other regards some beginnings had been made.

Governed by some divine intelligence, or tired of work pursued so long on one line, one Monday morning Silas appeared in the attire which through July had been maturing into more and more elegance with every "Sabbath Day." His own needle, skilful for the finest work, and those of the "wimmen-folk" of Bel-pré, none of whom could resist his impetuosity or assurance, had contributed to this result. The Capuchin robe, which Enos had brought from Ephrata, had furnished some of the material, and the sutler's shops at Fort Pitt and Fort Harmar the rest. Arrayed in his new costume, Silas announced his intention of going to Marietta.

"'Bout time fer Miss Sarah 'n' 'er people. Shan't come back till they come. Always knew they'd come with the full moon. Moon fulls to-night—thet's time fer 'em. Shan't come back till they come."

Then, with care, he took Mrs. Moody's commissions and those of every hanger-on in the

little settlement, and so, seating himself in his beloved dory, trusted himself to the stream, and pulled rapidly down. Once and again he had to make a portage. But there were always good-natured men at work not far from the river, and the afternoon found him at the landing. He fastened the boat and walked up, as on that cruel day of his disappointment. He looked right and left, with that determined eye which was never deceived, and in less than five minutes he had his great reward.

He turned into a rough inclosure, and stepped upon the shaking boards which made a trembling floor between two cabins, over which one roof was formed. Here was a room open to the air before and behind, but on two sides shut in by log-walls. In this open space was a young woman, playing with a child whom she had on her knee.

"Here I be, Miss Sarah. I heerd you was comin', 'n' uh thought uh'd come too—'n' here uh be!"

Ten minutes before, Sarah Parris had been the saddest girl west of the mountains. Everybody was as kind to her as they knew how to

be, but everything was so different from home ! There seemed no place for her in the settlement. Mr. Titcomb seemed ill at ease. There was no place for him. He was off prospecting. Mrs. Titcomb was visiting some Newbury cousins. Sarah had made herself as agreeable as she could with these people, in whose crowded cabin she made one more. Still, poor girl, she felt alone—oh, so horribly alone ! She cried, she shed tears, in spite of her resolution. Then she called herself a fool, found this child, and came out of the crowded cabin to play with her.

And now—here was Silas ! Here was a bit of home ! And poor Sarah was in heaven.

And so it proved that Silas Ransom, in his helter-skelter, reckless way, directed the fortunes of the serious and forward-looking Cephas Titcomb and his family. “Come, see Miss Sarah’s place before you settle.” This was Silas’s steady advice, or command, whenever Titcomb was called to one opening or another, by the land-agents who besieged every newcomer. And the end was as he

expected and determined. It was farther from the Ohio than Titcomb had proposed. It was farther than was prudent. But a beginning had been made there. There was a place for the women. Titcomb went and was tempted. Miriam and Sarah went and were delighted. And to that charming valley, where Silas had Miss Sarah's cabin almost ready for her, the Titcomb company went. Here Cephas Titcomb bought his land, and on this land his descendants live to this day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A NOVELIST of the architectural or constructive vein could make for us a story of those cabins as they rose. Some of the companions of the Titcomb family determined "on the whole" to remain with their chief through the winter; though to people who understand the New Englander it need not be said that no man had bound himself—no, not for an hour—to do anything, or to be anywhere in the future. But, "on the whole" again, it "seemed as if they might as well" stay with him. And the sturdy men who had helped to build the ark began the work of erecting the cabins. None of them were afraid of work—not a man, woman or child. The women did not ply the axe, except to split wood; but the men did, and the boys did. Silas's choice Hobson's choice and Titcomb's choice together, had resulted in their being near one of the groves which distinguished the Ohio prairies from

those further west. And it was not long before logs enough were cut to make the walls of their cabins high enough for any man who would enter through the door, "We'll make them seven foot in the clear," said Cephas Titcomb, with a grim humor, "lest any of them big Virginny men they tell on want to come in and make us a visit. They shan't have to duck their heads because they come into our cabins."

The little saw-mill on the river was heavily pressed by the different settlers, but still a few planks were floated up for use in the floor, and for making doors and tables. Cephas went so far as to rig a saw-pit, much to the grief of the boys and young men who occasionally had to work in it; but this work was avoided by every device, and the simpler power of the stream was made to take its place. The days were growing shorter, and at their very best they seemed only too short to the industrious workmen and work-women. "You're all as hungry as bears three times a day," said Mrs. Titcomb good-naturedly, as her working party came into the little cabin which Silas

had built for Miss Sarah, and which bore her name.

The reader understands, of course, that one and the same room was hall of entrance, kitchen, sitting-room, best room, and bedroom. At one end an immense fireplace, of logs covered thick with clay, opened an immense chimney to the sky. It never really happened that logs were hauled into the cabin by the horses, but they were rolled up by crowbars, and lifted to their places by the joined force of two or three men. A fire once made held to its work through the day and evening, never went out indeed; and, as the great logs burned, the women threw in light stuff, enough to give the blaze or special heat which they required, when a pot was to be "brought to a boil," or when a turkey was to be roasted. For food there was constant stock of what we call prairie hens, until the family tired of the frequent luxury. There were as many turkeys as people would eat. The gardens of Marietta, as autumn drew on, furnished already the white beans, which replaced those which Mrs. Titcomb had taken



from the bags so carefully brought from New England. The Marietta farms had also produced enough Indian meal to carry them through the winter. They ground this in hand-mills, from time to time, as they needed it. If anybody complained of salt pork he was told to take his gun into the woods and bring in a deer or a bear, and there was no difficulty in supplying the demand. It was clear enough that they were not to die of hunger that winter.

At first there was no lack of society. Almost every day there would be a messenger sent down to the town for this or that which had been forgotten, or which was needed in building. But this changed as autumn came on. They were themselves almost the last of the settlers of that summer who came up the Muskingum. At first, from time to time, one or another adventurer going farther, or one or another surveyor returning, stopped for their hospitality at night, or at breakfast, at dinner, or at supper. But such occasions became more and more rare as October closed in, and now it would happen that, for a week at a

time, no one spoke to them from outside their company. It might happen that an Indian tramp came to their door, and gave an unintelligible indication that he was present and wanted something to eat. They already knew that the presence of an Indian meant that he was hungry. These lords of the soil had established a certain ground-rent—shall we say?—by which the new occupants were notified from time to time that they were not original possessors. There was not a woman, and there was hardly a man, who would have dared refuse the application thus made. And if a great Shawnee hunter did appear, Mrs. Titcomb and Sarah had learned, before the winter had come on, not to be afraid of him. They knew that, like all other men, he was hungry, and they knew that he expected to be fed. They knew that he would be quite indifferent as to knife or fork, but they knew he would eat more than they had conceived it possible for a human being to eat when they left home.

On the other hand, they were not particular as to what they gave him. If there were hard

and dry johnny cakes laid aside, they were good enough for Indians; if there were only hominy half cooked in the pot it was good enough for Indians; if there were salt pork not yet boiled or fried, it was good enough for Indians; and they had no experience of any warrior or hunter refusing anything that was set before him. If the man wanted to spend the night, a buffalo skin was given him and he spread it where he chose. No salutes were exchanged on the arrival of such guests, and none when they departed.

Sarah Parris wondered with herself sometimes, especially when the quiet Sunday came, with an opportunity to look in upon herself a little, that she was so entirely satisfied with the life that she was living. There was no writing in a journal, there was no committing to memory of Mr. Cowper's poems, or Mr. Young's sentimentalities; there was no chattering with other girls of her own age; there was no adorning of dresses or matching of ribbons; there was absolutely nothing of the life which had interested her only a year ago. And yet, as she said to herself again and again,

she was happier and stronger ; indeed, in every sense she was better than she was in Salem. Sometimes, when she was in a mood for analysis, she said to herself it was because she was of more use ; sometimes, she said it was because she dealt more with the realities of things. Sometimes, she tried to persuade herself it was because she was in the open air. Sometimes, in her reverential moods, she said she was nearer God under his sky than she was in a lighted dancing room, or in an elegant parlor. Of a rainy Sunday she would bring out from her little chest one or another of her books, and try to read, as she knew she would have read in her pretty room at Mrs. Whitman's, if she were in Salem, and there were a storm. Sometimes she did read, but she was well aware that she was not interested in any book, as she had been when there was less to interest outside. She even wished sometimes that she had the writing of the book herself, and felt that she could come nearer to what she called the "true thing," once, when she was trying to make Mrs. Titcomb understand her, than these stately English writers in whom

she had been so much interested while she was at home. The truth was that in the six months which the girl had spent in measuring herself against other people and against the world, she had advanced in life as she had not done in five years before. Her soul was a larger soul, her mind was a larger mind, even as her body was a different body. And as she sat, one day, cutting to pieces one of the dresses which she had brought out for the winter, so that she might be able to put it on, she said to herself—what she dared not say to Mrs. Titcomb—that she believed that she had grown as much in other ways, as she was sure she had gained in the length of the belt she wore.

They were all happy because it did not occur to them that they were happy. They had not time to ask themselves the question whether they enjoyed their lives, and the first consequence was, that they had “the joy of eventful living,” and all lived as if they had never lived before. So passed October and so, with an occasional frost now, the glorious Indian summer of November came in.

It was then that Cephas Titcomb for the first

time began to feel any distrust of the Shawnees. But he did doubt now whether he had been wise in giving way to Ransom's impulses, and in planting his family on the very outskirts of the Massachusetts settlement.

Poor Ransom himself was the first to suffer from the results of his own decision. Through the summer and autumn his faculty of a Jack-of-all-trades had been most happily exercised. He was a carpenter, though not a master-carpenter; he could plough, though he hated to do so; he milked well enough, but considered milking to be work for women. He could wash out a gun and put the lock in order, but he would rather do this than shoot a deer. But over all deficiencies, his sovereign good-humor and readiness to serve those he loved made him a happy master of the situation. His natural restlessness was sufficiently gratified by this varied experience of a frontiersman's life, and he had the real satisfaction of feeling that he was lifting from Miss Sarah some burdens which she would have been obliged to bear, and relieving her from many inconveniences.

It was when November was well advanced

that, late at night, a message came in from the settlers at Big Bottom that there was a war-party of Shawnees somewhere—they could not say where. The messenger came for powder, for he said the young men were afraid they might need to use more than they had. Cephas Titcomb's supply was quite too small to answer the full requisition, but he promised to send up all the horns they could fill, advising the messenger to press on to Marietta. Young Putnam, General Rufus Putnam's son, was one of the Big Bottom party.

Silas Ransom, who was no soldier, and who did not pretend to be one, offered to carry the powder-horns so soon as they were filled and corked. Fastening them well together, he slung them by a double cord around his neck, and then fastened the cord, so that it need not swing, by a belt around his waist. Heavily laden thus, he pulled up the stream in his boat, under the light of a moon in its third quarter, fastened the boat, and carefully pushed up a trail which the cattle had made when they came and went for water. He heard no sound but the howling of wolves, nor did

he expect to. He knew, however, that he should find a sentry when he passed into the clearing.

As he paused a sickening smell swept down on him, and a cloud of smoke, which had a weird look in the moonlight, was all that he could see when he looked for the block-house. He knew the place perfectly. He had been there only the month before. And now, the smoke-cloud was all.

Hardly had their messenger left them, when the little company, secure for the moment, had gathered for supper. Even their dogs followed them, unobserved, to take their chances for the meal. As they gathered round the great fire, the door was thrown open, and one and another were shot down in the house before they could seize their arms. Mrs. Meeks, the wife of one of the hunters, seized an axe and cut down an Indian as he entered the room. But a blow from a tomahawk took fatal revenge. In less than ten minutes the little company of whites were dead, excepting one boy, whom the Shawnees took into captivity. At once the logs of the hastily-built house were tumbled on their



bodies, and fire was set to the whole. It was to see this fire that poor Ransom had come, and to know that his succor was too late.

For himself the good fellow had now to provide. He did not dare to draw near to the smoking mass. An occasional outburst of flame might have made him a mark only too good for some Indian scout, perhaps still watching the carnage. Yet he did not care to return without more tidings. Coolly trusting himself to the Providence in which, without ever speaking of it, he always did rely, and upon a certain destiny of his own, on which, like all great leaders, he relied always, and of which he did speak sometimes, he wrapped himself in his blanket, pulled down upon himself the corn-stalks of a great mass, which were now all that was left of young Putnam's harvest, and slept the sleep of the righteous until morning.

When he waked, he thought, as well he might, that he was in the cornfield at Miss Sarah's, as he fondly called the whole establishment which he had left the night before. But a sickening smell in the air, and, as soon as

he stood erect, a puff of smoke in the sky, reminded him of the horrible surprise of the last evening. He walked round the ruin, to learn little more than he had guessed before. A howling dog welcomed some one who spoke kindly to him, and followed Ransom in his explorations. But it was clear that the blow had been sudden and severe—that there was no poor wretch who had escaped. In fact, the boy, named Stacy, who was taken prisoner by the Indians, was the only survivor of this horrible massacre. And he was already far away with his captors.

With a story so sad as this, Ransom had to return to Miss Sarah and her friends. And with the certainty of such dangers their winter began.

## CHAPTER XV.

WE must go back to Lieutenant Henry Curwen. He was learning, as these months went by, that the service of his country was not always to bring him nearer to the girl he loved. That first sad day, when he made sure that no one in Marietta had heard of any Titcomb party, or expected them, he had come back, in poor enough spirits, to his pack-saddles, his homesick friend Clendenin, to Count Zapoly, and to General Harmar's hospitality.

After dinner, General Harmar showed to him the orders which he had brought. In substance, they directed Harmar to withdraw all the efficient force that he could from Fort Harmar and thus to strengthen the new post at Fort Washington. He was at the same time left to his own discretion as to a movement in force against the Shawnees. General Knox still hoped, and the President hoped, that the

Indian chiefs would see the folly of war with the United States, and that before the arrival of the dispatches they might be peacefully engaged in the easy business of hoeing their summer crops of corn. But General Harmar said, what Curwen had already learned in substance at Marietta, that they were more insolent than ever. His own wish had been to do all but dismantle the fort in which he was, and to make arrangements for a campaign. Now that he had full permission, he should do this immediately.

“So if you gentlemen have seen all you want of the Campus Martius,” he said in conclusion, “you need not take a comb, nor a biscuit, nor a cartridge from your boat. You may go on board at gun-fire to-morrow morning, and work your way down to Fort Washington, and tell them to look out for me, and to be sure that I do not pass them in the night.” And at his own little joke he laughed heartily.

Curwen joined ruefully in the laugh ; Zapoly joined more heartily, without the slightest understanding of what the joke was. Such is

the necessity, alas ! of those who are forced to converse in languages that they do not understand. To poor Harry, who had come by a zig-zag route more than a thousand miles to see the woman he loved, it was a wretched blow which fell in the announcement that he was to go two hundred miles more directly away from the only hope he had of seeing her. But he knew too well the place of a young officer—indeed, he was governed too much by the feeling of respect to a man in every way his superior, to venture on any vigorous protest. All he could say was that he would go as soon as the general thought best, but that he had carelessly made some arrangements in the new city, and that he must send his servant over to cancel them. So unused was he to life in camps that he was amazed when the good-natured general replied :

“Cancel them? Don’t think of cancelling them. We are not so hard pressed as that. Oh, no, lieutenant; a day more or less is nothing—I mean a day of your arrival—for, to tell the truth, I shall not break up here for a fortnight or more, and as Bob Kidd said when

they hanged him, there will be no fun until I come. Oh, no, my dear young friend, we are in no such hurry as that. Only, as your boat is all ready, and I have nothing half so swift as she, I thought you had better take my commands yonder—Wednesday, Friday, when you will—only take care I do not pass you on a flood some day. I can tell you that, when there is a freshet, a fleet of arks makes speed which would have frightened Shem and Japhet.”

And he laughed good-naturedly again. Harry Curwen was half frightened at his own success. He did not dare presume upon it. He said modestly that he would take care that no one passed him on the way, and retired early to the room which had been assigned to him and Zapoly. Here he summoned Clendenin, and gave him his orders for the next day.

And the next day he and Clendenin crossed to the new town again, and then, in a canoe, worked their way up to see those Boyntons from Newbury, who, it was thought, might know something of the Titcombs. But they,

while they knew people of that name in Newbury, had not had tidings of their removal. In a similar fruitless search the next day was spent. And on the fourth day, from mere pride, the young officer had to give up this inquiry, which he could not explain either to Harmar, to Zapoly, or to Clendenin; and as soon as his awkward squad was released from the school of the soldier in the morning, he ordered them on board the barge, and took up the voyage, now so odious to him, to the fort newly established, where we now see the city of Cincinnati.

And now he was to spend months there, on duties wholly new to him, among companions every one of whom would have been a study, were the young man one of the critical or speculative kind. Kentucky militiamen came in from time to time. At least, they succeeded in eating Uncle Sam's rations, though the officers on Uncle Sam's regular line looked very doubtfully on their performances. Queerly enough, these men had none of the skill of the rifle for which the ideal Kentuckian was even then famous. Zapoly,

who watched their manual of arms, declared they did not know one end of the gun from the other.

The famous pack-saddles, to the construction of which Curwen had given so much time in Pennsylvania, proved to be absurdly large, when the Indian horses were brought in upon which they were to be used. "They are big enough for elephants," said the officer who received them, and poor Curwen had to stand chaff untold, because he had carelessly revealed his own share in their manufacture. He brought his own Yankee skill to bear, however, in the plans for reconstructing them, and was author of an ingenious method of refilling them, which made them useful with the little "tackies" which were to carry them. Indeed, everybody, except the poor martinet, Zapoly, put his hand to forty things a day. "I clean my boots, I wash my shirts, I sew on my buttons, I drill my men, I scold them, I praise them, I pack biscuits, I approve bills for hay, I fish for catfish, I salt pork, I hoop casks, I write dispatches, I sit on court-martial—I do everything which becomes a man, from



swaggering around as if I were a commander to concealing the hole in my hat by an extra large cockade." Thus wrote Curwen to young Crowninshield, a college friend whom he left at home.

At last, even the fastidious Harmar agreed that they were ready to march. High time, it seemed to Harry, to Zapoly, and most of the young officers. Women came in daily to the fort with their children, from cabins not thirty miles away, frightened by tales of other cabins burned and other women murdered. From beyond this line of settlements, or of places proposed as settlements, more serious rumors came of such a concentration of Indian forces as had not been made for years. In all such rumors there was the certainty behind that the English troops from Canada supplied powder, lead, flints, and guns to the savages. There was no hope that they would not be equipped quite as well as Harmar's own forces. Why he would wait for a dozen more recruits, or for a few more pack-saddles, was a problem which the younger officers could not solve. And all were delighted indeed, when he at last per-

mitted two or three companies of his Kentucky recruits to march northward up the valley and feel the force which was said to be gathering.

For Harry Curwen himself, he had not much enthusiasm about the enterprise which followed. To leave barrack and fort!—yes, that was what they all longed for. The weather was delightful, the autumn just coming on, and the ride through forests and across prairies was all that one could wish. But he knew all the deficiencies in men and equipment; an aide does. He knew everything which had been done wrong, and it was hard for him to think that, of a sudden, on some day of battle, everything would go right. With the privates, and even with Zapoly, it was different. The count, as they all called Zapoly, had amused himself by shooting, and sometimes by fishing. He was delighted at last to have an opportunity to exercise his own profession.

To lounge along about ten or fifteen miles a day, in weather generally perfect—this was the regular movement of the first three weeks of the campaign. If the woods left only a beaten trail talk was difficult, but often the

prairies opened, so that the officers could chat together, side by side, as the horses walked slowly on. Most of the command was on foot, and it was impossible to exceed their rate in a day's march. At night there was but little fuss about an encampment. The whole force was hardly fifteen hundred men, most of whom were used to frontier life. A few tents were set up for headquarters, if it were convenient. For the rest, there was always wood enough for a camp-fire, and the men slept in their blankets, under trees or in the open air as might happen.

Zapoly, the count, was delighted. His dream had accomplished itself as he had no right to hope it would. He attached himself to every scouting party, though it were sent out for the most insignificant purpose. The rough and simple Kentuckians were amused by his elaborate artificial arrangements for the campaign, and by the very limited range of his vocabulary. But once and again General Harmar found him of use in interpreting with the French *coureurs au bois*, of whom more than one was with the party, who were really much better acquainted

with the homes and trails of the enemy than were any of his Kentuckians. The Ohio settlers had none of them been in the territory more than three years, and Harmar himself knew it as well as they did, which means that he did not know it at all.

Coming back from one of these expeditions on a rainy afternoon, Zapoly reported that the war was assuming gigantic proportions. "Dudder day—wot you call him—hier—we did burn cinquante—wot you call him—fifty corns—wot you call him—cobs corn—anjourd'-hui—to-day we burn deux cents—wot you call him—doo hunder."

The truth was that the business of the expedition was to destroy the villages of the Shawnees inside or eastward of the line of the two Miamis. Some treaty or agreement or general theory that it would be best to push all the Indians west of that line governed the policy of the new-born nation. Now, the territory involved is two-thirds, more or less, of the present State of Ohio. It includes some of the most remarkable farming lands in the world. There are bottom lands there which have

yielded unparalleled crops of Indian corn from that day to this, in the century which has elapsed, without a spadeful of manure. "Mad Anthony," who knew Pennsylvania farming, when he saw the country and its Indian corn-fields, said that he had never seen such fields of corn in his life. It was not, then, very wonderful that the Indians who were in possession did not abdicate very quickly, when somebody somewhere said that it would be desirable that they should. And this expedition, on which our friends were engaged, was intended to convince them, by the destruction of their crops, lodges, and villages, that it would be for their best interest to do so.

As Zapoly made his bilingual announcement of victory, he opened his haversack, in which he had brought what he called *les articles de luxe*, which every day he collected for the museums of the curious in Europe. A queer set he had by this time—now a horn spoon, now a cunningly carved shell from the Ohio, now a wampum belt, with other matters of native art. This time he held up a necklace of shells and showed it to Curwen. "Voilà, mon ami

—regardez—it is new, it is sehr wunderbar—mon ami, voilà! Dem shells, mon ami, regardez—sont des—coquilles maritimes—what you call them? Shells of the marine? de l’ocean—ocean, mon ami, ils ne sont pas des coquilles de la rivière. No, no, not shells from de brook—de la Belle Rivière—Ohio.”

Sure enough, to any one’s eye, the necklace was of seashells. To Curwen, however, it had quite another interest. It was clearly the work of civilized artificers. And the moment that he took it in his hand he recognized the workmanship. He eagerly showed the clasp to Zapoly, and told him in French, which he now spoke sufficiently well, that not many months before he had had that necklace in his hand. In truth, it was made from South American shells, by some Dutch workman in Paramaribo. It had been bought by one of the Salem captains, and given by his wife to Sarah Parris as a present. She had worn it one evening at a dance, and the clasp had broken. Harry Curwen had put it in his pocket, and had carried it the next day to the jeweler, who had mended it. All this he rapidly explained

to the other, and confirmed what he said by opening the clasp, and showing on a little smooth place the letters, "S. P. from J. L."

"Now what devil brought it to this wilderness?" said the young man, more eagerly excited than Zapoly had ever seen him.

Of course, there was no answer. The scouts had found two wretched cabins of bark from which the inmates had fled. They had apparently not so much as known that a war was in progress. Clearly they had not hurried themselves in the harvesting of their corn, most of which was in the field. A few bushels, as Zapoly had said, were piled not husked by the cabin. These the scouts had taken for the use of the army. While the men were packing it, he, as his wont was, had been hunting for curiosities. It never occurred to the accomplished nobleman that he was doing what a man would be hanged for, should such a man be found rifling his mother's castle on the Danube in her absence. Under a pile of leaves, which seemed to him not normal, he had found quite a "cache" of domestic implements, and under these, neatly

wrapped in cornhusks, was the necklace in question. How under the heavens had it come there? This question, in one and another form, spoken aloud or only whispered to himself, accompanied Harry Curwen for days.

But, the very next night, events occurred, which prevented Harry himself from going to the place where Zapoly had found these relics, to see if he could not meet the Indians who had left them there. Col. Trotter had been ordered out with a large reconnoitring party, and had marched but a few miles when his advance overtook and killed two of the Indians. By one of their shots one of his own men was wounded. For some reason or other, the whole party at once returned, as reconnoitring parties will; Col. Gordon, a Kentucky officer, was disgusted and marched off the same men to recover the lost laurels. The men went unwillingly enough, and from the number of stragglers who came back, it was clear to Harry and his friend that they had no stomach for the fight. But Harmar would not let these two accompany the expedition, telling them that he should have more work for them at home.



Sure enough, indeed, before the next evening, the whole body of the Kentuckians came running back into camp ; and when Gordon himself appeared, dejected and angry, it seemed that all the thirty regulars that he had with him, had been cut to pieces. When, weeks after, a muster of the militiamen took place, it proved that they had all found their way back to Fort Washington. All this showed that war had begun ; and, indeed, they were approaching what well might be called villages, and passing along by the magnificent cornfields such as have been described. Everything that could be of use was burned, but the scouts brought in such accounts of the gathering of the clans, as might have been brought in had a great army of Napoleon's been advancing.

And Harmar himself was affected by reports so terrible. He came as far as what he chose to call the capital of the Miami towns and burned that ; he destroyed some twenty thousand bushels of corn, he thought, and then ordered a retreat. If he had not ordered it, the greater part of his men would have

gone back without orders. But this was not the end. After two or three days of this exciting, disgusting, provoking work, when they were eight miles back on their way to Fort Washington, it seemed to Harmar that he must recover some reputation if he could ; and he therefore ordered, from his very best force, parties, amounting to four hundred men, to go back to the ruins of the town, thinking to find there the savages assembled around what there was left. With this party were Zapoly and Curwen. They marched about midnight, having been divided into different parties in the hope of entrapping a considerable number of the Indians together. This scientific plan was, unfortunately, all unfit for the woods, and the result was, in brief, that every division had to fight the enemy alone, and the end of it was a virtual massacre. For some two hundred men were killed and wounded, or carried into captivity, by the Indians. On the extreme right wing had been Harry and Clendenin with Zapoly.

This is no place to describe the miserable carnage which followed. Little does the tra-

veller of to-day, who takes a cup of coffee at Fort Wayne or changes a train there, understand or, indeed, remember of the intricacies of what happened there a century ago. Enough that each wing of the little company, finding little opposition, pushed too far. The centre, unsupported, met the whole force of the savages. The troops at last broke and fled several miles. It was not until the St. Joseph River parted pursuers and pursued, that the whites made a rally. Thus was it that when Curwen and a few men, who had been detached on the extreme right, returned, they found no Major Wyllys to report to. The army had fled, and between Curwen and his command were the triumphant savages.

Thus cut off from his own general, and from any possibility of rendering assistance, Harry saw that he must find his way back to the Ohio, if he could, by his own resources. Zapoly, brave enough, was utterly confused. He was no woodsman, and, as Harry said afterward, did not know his right 'hand from his left. Clendenin had the instincts of a Western scout, and useful these proved in the

days which followed ; but he knew nothing of the country in which he was, and was even confused, in ways which Harry could not understand, by the vegetation, the flow of the streams, and everything which ought to teach the way, but which varied strangely from what the boy was used to in the valley of the Alleghany Mountains. Poor Harry Curwen had to exercise his own "horse sense" if he were to get home at all, and in that country he had two difficulties. A heavy mist or cloud, which seemed like smoke almost, hung over the whole sky for days, and made it difficult to see where was the sun in the heavens. If it did not rain, there was fog or smoke, so thick that one could not make out north or south unless he had a compass.

The boy was wholly unused to the prairies, and was worse off than he would have been at sea. He was equally unused to Western forests, and while he had some knack as a woodsman in New Hampshire or Maine, he did not know the indications which surrounded him in Ohio. By some wretched misfortune, they had all gone out from camp in the morn-

ing without the ordinary pocket compass, which every surveyor carried in those days. And now they had to work home to the Ohio by such indications as nature and nature's God would give them. The traveller who flies across at the rate of forty miles an hour, sleeping as he rides, perhaps, does not well or easily imagine what the journey was. As the bird flies, it is two hundred miles. As these poor fellows had to march—oh, how much more !

His whole party was but six men. Of the privates of the party, there was no man of the type of which novelists have made their pathfinders. One of them was one of the boatbuilders whom Harry Curwen had brought with him. One of them was a wagoner from Pennsylvania, who had been enlisted at Fort Pitt when he was too drunk to know what he was doing. One, who was called a Kentucky militiaman, was, in fact, a Scotch gardener, who had been exploring the West for new plants, at the charge of some English botanists, had found that his remittances did not follow him, and had enlisted for better or for worse. Zapoly, as has been said, was as ignorant of

woodcraft as a child. Harry found himself, in fact as in name, the leader of the party, with absolutely no knowledge of the methods of woodfaring life in that region, or of the condition of the country or of the climate.

All that he knew was that he must work to the southeast with no compass. He knew that the streams now near him flowed, for their general course, north and northeast, and, so far, he had a vague clew. But once and again he had reason to distrust it. From day to day, of course, he had every hope of a fair sunrise or set, or break of the miserable fog which surrounded him. But, to the day of his death, he never did know whether he led his party in the general direction they wanted to take, or whether they went round and round for the three or four days which first followed their separation from Harmar's army.

It was not until three or four o'clock one afternoon that, with hardly any warning, fog and smoke seemed to lift from above them, and, to his dismay, Harry saw that the sun, now quite low in the heavens, was just where it ought not to be.

That is to say, he was travelling northeast, almost exactly away from it.

But to the day of his death—young man, man of affairs, or old man telling these stories to his grandchildren—Harry Curwen believed that he had been led by an invisible hand.

If, as he had supposed, he had been all day on this course, and this seemed most likely, all prospect of rejoining the command was over. His business was to strike the Ohio River as best he might ; and, on the little evidence they had as to the place where this sunshine found them, he determined, and determined rightly, that he must change his course over the prairie at once, fix a route as directly southeast as streams and swamps would permit, and, if he could, strike the great river before it made the bend westward, in which it passes Fort Washington.

He knew, and every man of his party knew, that they were no match for any considerable band of the Shawnees whom they might encounter. The savages would be flushed with the news of the victory which they had won, and, with the mere handful of powder which

Harry could rely upon in all the horns of all his party, there could not be long fighting. His business was to move as quietly as he could, and as quickly as he could, and to strike the Ohio.

He knew, also, that, on this course, if he could hold to it, he should, with every march, come nearer to regions which the Indians were abandoning, and also, which for him meant a great deal, he should be coming closer to the Essex County settlement of Marietta.

In such a party, at such a time, there is no need of a formal command, far less of explanation why a change of movement is ordered. Every man knew at once that they had lost their way and now had found it. And the whole party was as glad as Curwen could wish them, to make a long march even after the sun went down, and it was midnight before they made a bivouac before a watercourse. Even then they ate their venison without more cooking than it had already. For no man was fool enough to risk the light of a fire.

But with the gray of the morning, as soon as one could see anything, Clendenin was on his



feet. Indeed, for such a purpose as this, he was their best woodsman. He felt the danger they were in by travelling after nightfall, though he accepted the necessity. He now worked back on their track to see whether they had passed any other trails, and he found as he feared, within a mile, the evident trail of another party crossing their own, not quite at right angles. The boy was acting without orders, and knew he was, but he knew that Curwen had confidence in him, and with the promptness of a frontiersman, he worked "against the trail," as he would have called it—that is to say, he did not follow the party who had made it, but went back to see where they had come from. He pressed on as rapidly as he could, for he knew he would be missed as soon as the others were awake. His curiosity was rewarded, when, not a half mile from their own camp, as he could guess, but perhaps a mile and a half by the way he had come, he saw a little skin lodge, evidently the work of Indians. He approached as close as he dared, and watched as long as he dared, for signs of motion. Just as he supposed he must

return, with no knowledge of the strength of the party, some one came out from the lodge. To his surprise it was a young woman. She looked around her, went to a stagnant creek before her, and filled a gourd with water, and then called the others. Only two women followed her at first, but, in a minute after, another. It was quite clear to Clendenin that these were the whole party. He did not mean to be frightened by a woman, and he now broke from his lair in the tall dry grass, and rushed upon them, showing them that he had a gun. He was too quick for them to escape. They cried aloud, one of them fell upon her knees, with some notion of the custom of the white people ; but the youngest advanced fearlessly to meet him. She said :

“Good Indians! Me no Indian; Cumberland! Cumberland!”

The boy looked at her with amazement, cried out “Rachel, Rachel!” and kissed her.

To the white woman, if so she may be called, who was as black as the smoke of the lodge and the sun of July, August, September, and October could make her—Clendenin’s eager

kiss and scream of recognition brought back a set of emotions which had been dead for years. She had not schooled herself to the deaf and dumb, blind and numb, stolidness of the life of a Shawnee squaw. Rather, she had been schooled to it by the years which had passed over her, since she was taken from her father's home. The boy had dreamed of her all this time. And she, no, not once in a month had she thought of him ; but now, with his embrace and scream of delight, his eager volume of questioning, of which she understood nothing, the girl changed in one instant.

Twenty times in the first year of her captivity had she tried to escape. Twenty times had the child been caught in the attempt and cruelly punished. And now, for months, not to say for years, the poor thing, who was fast ceasing to be more than a thing, had neither looked backward nor forward. She had not looked up to God. She had asked no question, and made no struggle. Literally, she had hewed wood and drawn water. The night and morning when Sarah Parris and Mary Titcomb had been thrown upon her hospitality

had, for the moment, broken the paralysis which was on her heart, soul, mind, and even body. But she could see that they had no suspicion that she was other than the savages around her. If she thought of escape with them it was with that dead feeling that nobody cared whether she lived or died—nay, with the certainty that she herself did not care. It is hard to describe such numbness—impossible, of course, to tell the feelings of a thing, hardly of a person, who does not feel. And now, this young fellow caresses her and kisses her.

She could see nothing in him of the little boy whom she had so often dressed when he was a baby. But, just as he had known her, not by her person, not by her voice, she recognized in him, not his boy voice, but his father's. The electric spark flashed across, and she was herself again.

But they could not understand each other's words any better than she and Sarah Parris had understood each other. And the assistance which she rendered from this moment, not only to her brother, but to Curwen, Zapoly, and the other three, was not the assistance of

a white woman, but of a well trained savage. It was she who indicated to Clendenin that they must not be encumbered by hags No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, who were wondering, and even now planning flight. It was she who brought the withes with which these hags were tied to young maples, one hand behind each, and one hand free, with a convenient gourd of water not far from each. It was she who led Clendenin to the creek and made him walk some hundred yards in it to lose his trail, and then leave it by the most careful device, that the trail might not be found. She discovered from him, he hardly knew how, where on the same creek Curwen's party were encamped. And, by the time when they were all awake, not two hours from the time Clendenin had left them, she and he relieved the anxiety of his commander by appearing on the side of the creek to which they had not crossed. From this moment she was the guide, so absolutely needed, for the lost party.

The condition, easy enough to describe, was difficult enough to handle. Curwen's party had three horses for six men. The horses,

therefore, were hardly a help in matter of time, but they were a convenience in fording creeks, and in carrying such provision as they needed to carry from one camp to the next. Curwen disliked to fire a single unnecessary shot, and to carry a haunch of venison—for a day even—was better than to risk exposure by firing a rifle. Rachel Clendenin explained, by counting fingers and by signs of the sun's passage, that they were still two days from the Muskingum, where they would strike the old war-trail from what we call Sandusky to the Ohio. They could not understand what she meant, but they did see that her object was to cover these two days' march as promptly as might be. Her own masters had gone off on the war-path to the south only the afternoon before. Had Curwen not crossed their trail at night, he would have seen it, and it would have confused him. Rachel knew their object. It was a settlement a few Kentuckians had made on the north side of the Ohio. But with her broken English, and with every gesture of dissent, she warned Curwen and her brother against any attempt to follow them. The best

her party could do was to reach the Muskingum trail, still well to the east of them. Her own lords had but just returned from it, and before her own escape and Curwen's perfectly visible track was discovered, all must be beyond pursuit. She hardly gave them time to fasten the packs on their horses before she led them on their way.

Curwen would gladly have put her upon his own horse, but she refused absolutely, with the only approach to cheerfulness which showed itself in all her dogged movement and eloquence of action. She would not keep them back—that was clear enough.

But so soon as they were clear of the buck-eyes and maples and in the broad trail of the open prairie, Curwen called her to walk by his side. It was clear that not only her party but other parties had recently come this way, and to Curwen's horror she told, as well as by gesture she could, the story of what may be called their campaign. He was fascinated by the easy gestures by which she made clear to him things where neither he nor she had available words; and, as the day went on, this sign

language became more and more easy to him. It was only too certain that the Indians were "on the war-path." In one cabin, two men had been killed, in another three. She was most careful to say that they did not encumber themselves with prisoners. When Harry asked with uneasiness what would become of the women whom Clendenin had tied, Rachel Clendenin expressed the only terror which she showed all that day. It was certain that one, at least, of the men of the party would appear again at the lodge before nightfall. Her fear, indeed, was that he would come sooner. She had this reason for unwillingness to make any delay. At the fords, where naturally there was a little delay for the better management, she drove horses and men across with a certain passion. It was clear that she resolved that daylight of that day should put the largest possible distance between them and her companions of yesterday. Even when night came she would not permit a halt. It was within an hour of midnight when the relentless Fury, as Zapoly called her, in a queer pity for the tender feet of men who could not keep up with



her savage energy, acquiesced in the bivouac, which, against her purpose, Harry insisted on making.

But, before any semblance of daybreak, they were on the alert again. "She be not one Fury," poor Zapoly said this time, "she be, wot you call him,—one Fate mid one wip,—go, go, go, ever to go." But he went like the rest of them, and it was well that he did.

By moonlight they left their lair, which was nothing more. Daylight showed that she had been quite right in her geography. As the sun arose they came into a trail still larger than this that they had been following. Curwen learned afterward that this was the great war-trail, which led northward to the lakes. He knew where it would lead him if he followed it south. For, so long as the course of the Muskingum served it, it followed the valley of the river.

"Go, go, always go:" stopping not for a moment for a stick which had worked its way through the count's dainty boot—hardly a moment for a pack which had turned on a pony's back. "Go, go, always go." She made

them drink as they crossed the rivers, and what they ate they must eat as they marched.

And as the evening gathered in, Harry Curwen had reason to bless her for the rage with which she had driven them to this speed. For now the dull Scotchman himself, who was, if possible, a worse woodman than Zapoly, began to recognize signs which showed that men had been here before. Once and again a sapling had been recently cut off, and this by a steel axe or hatchet. At last the path was marked distinctly by woodmen's blazes, which they all understood. No one needed urging now. The foot-men fairly ran, Rachel Clendenin with her brother leading the file. As she came out of the forest into what was evidently a partly opened clearing, she sprung upon the trunk of a large buckeye which had fallen, and, with an instant gesture, commanded the silence of the rest. Curwen, who was the next of the party, sprang from his horse and stood in an instant by her side.

They could see the settler's cabin; the thick smoke from the chimney marked the house. But the girl pointed to what no one could

have failed to see, two giant Indian forms, one at each side of the little window of the cabin, evidently watching it to prevent escape. What was at the door they could not see. Zapoly raised his rifle, but Rachel flung it down, and she was right. All the men in succession sprang from the fallen log. Two of the party, with more spirit than could have been expected, rushed toward the window. As they did so they drew shots from different quarters, for the little clearing was watched from more points than the fallen buckeye. None the less did Clendenin lead, and Curwen follow.

## CHAPTER XVI.

UPON the door, when they could see it, one of the savages was swinging a tomahawk. The wood gave way as he did so, and instantly a puff of smoke from within followed the blow. The besieged party had fired. No one seemed to be hurt by the shot. Curwen could see all this as he ran. It seemed as if his feet were tied. He leaped from ridge to ridge of the ploughed land, Clendenin still two or three steps in front of him. The three Indians shouted in scorn, as the shot passed them, but were not prepared for the sally which followed. The cabin door flew open, and before the savages really knew it, two large men sprang from the house and grappled with the two nearest. All four went over together. The fifth man, a tall Shawnee, without an instant's pause, raised his tomahawk, aimed a blow at the head of one of the whites—and then, before he could deliver it,

fell back dead, with his weapon in his hand. All this Harry Curwen saw as he ran, perhaps fifty paces. It seemed as though those paces would never be taken.

He could see the knives of the wrestling men flash in the air. He could see Clendenin fling himself upon the first group. Then, as he closed with the second, it was clear that his help was not needed there. A cry within reminded him of the two men at the window. He pushed at the door. It was bolted against him.

But a woman's voice cried out, "Bullskin, you know me. Open this door, and I kill you!"

"We are friends, friends," gasped Curwen. "Do not fire. The redskins are all down."

The door flew open. "Harry! is it you?" And Sarah Parris dropped the useless rifle from her hand.

To him it was almost of course that it should be she. For all these many days, his terror had been the agonized question, where was she in the midst of these horrors. For her it was as if he had fallen from the sky.

But there was not an instant for curiosity. He seized her gun, and turned to the group behind him. But here, his help was not needed. The boldness of the sally had succeeded. One of the Indians had been stabbed to the heart by Silas Ransom in the first blow which he gave. The other had fallen heavily against an untrimmed stump, and had been for the moment stunned by the blow. Cephas Titcomb had both his hands around the man's neck, and both his thumbs squeezed tight upon his windpipe. Clendenin's fall upon the two had, perhaps, discomposed Titcomb at first, as much as the other. But Clendenin was wiry and quick, and before Curwen could come into the fray, he and Titcomb had pinioned the fallen warrior. At the moment, no one knew that one and another musket-ball struck here and there around them, but, after it was over, Titcomb found a stream of blood running down his leg, and knew for the first time that a shot had grazed his side, cutting open his hunting-shirt, and, as he said, "lettin' down my braces." No one stopped yet even to speak, except in a word. Led by

Curwen, all rushed to the other end of the house. But they only met the Scotchman, with Zapoly and Rachel Clendenin; the others had kept themselves sheltered in the wood. Rachel herself was the only person who showed any strategy; it was she who had led them around to that side of the cabin where they would be under cover.

Harry Curwen had no experience for the occasion. Strange to say, Cephas Titcomb, the Newbury ship-builder, was the old soldier now, who directed the reloading of the empty guns, who stationed each man at the right point, at the same time taking care that the prisoners were dragged into the shelter of the cabin. The skulking soldiers condescended to appear, after all firing was over. And it was clear enough, after five minutes, that the outlying Indian scouts had abandoned their posts and fled.

A rapid council was held as to the pursuit of the disappointed red men. There were but three of them, or at most four. Of the whites of both parties there were eight, besides the two Titcomb boys. The party surprised in

the cabin were the Titcomb family, with Sarah Parris and Silas. Only four or five shots had been delivered by the Indians watching there. Rachel Clendenin had been studying their trail for hours. She was sure that there never were but eight of them. Two of them were here, bound hand and foot; two of them lay dead in front of the house; and one behind. Should the victors follow the fugitives and save the neighborhood from further danger?

Zapoly offered some unintelligible advice. Harry Curwen was confused from some doubt as to his duty as a soldier. But, as has been said, he was no longer the commander. Cephas Titcomb took the word.

"No, boy, let well enough alone. We'd better thank the Almighty that you come here jest when ye did, and not one minute later. Et was the bullet that struck Bullskin when his axe was raised—et was that that settled this fight. And I think, sir, so fur as I understand, that et was you that fired that shot for a bird on the wing."

He turned to Zapoly—and he was right.



His prompt and exact marksmanship had turned the fortune of the day.

Then, in a rapid consultation, the arrangements for the night were perfected. Cephas Titcomb the younger, and his brother, were sent to warn the settlers below. For Cephas Titcomb's wound, his wife and Zapoly and the Scotch gardener took care. For himself he ridiculed the fuss they made, and said if they would let him alone, he should do well enough. But they were right and he was wrong, and Zapoly dressed the wound with a skill of a surgeon. Harry could not yet have more than a word with Sarah Parris. The horses were to be cared for, the dead were to be dragged away and hidden, and the captives were to be secured. It was easy enough to make provision, on the great mows of prairie hay, for better beds than the fugitives had known since their day of battle and defeat. When such care for the men was over, Curwen saw, well-pleased, that Zapoly had engaged Mrs. Titcomb in a bi-lingual, not to say polyglot, conversation. And then, and not till then, he begged the girl he worshipped to come out from the

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cabin with him, with some shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, and they walked together in the open air, under the light of the clear moon.

"Sarah," he said at once, "my own child, if I dared to say so, I have been riding day and night in terror, and think with what reason. Do not tell me that God Almighty did not send me here."

No, she did not tell him so. She could say nothing. Nor, indeed, was he dissatisfied with her silence. Words are but poor things sometimes, not very good things at the best. He was with her. If he dared, and he would dare soon, he could put his arm around her waist. Meanwhile, why should he speak, or she? Last night if any one had told him she was alive he would have been happy.

Actually, they walked without a word to the landing on the river-side, where Silas Ransom's boat was still moored. He led her on board the boat, and made her sit on the gunwale.

And then, he did not say what he had thought he should say if God ever gave him sight of her again. He said :

"How many of those old arks I passed as I came down the river."

"You passed ours," said Sarah. And then the humor of his missing her came across even the tragedy of the night, and, perhaps for the first time, she smiled. "I know when you passed us. I am ashamed to say that I waved my handkerchief to you. And I wish I could say you replied."

"Think of it," he said, "and that I did not dream of what I was doing." Then he told, almost passionately now, of his successive visits to Marietta, and how General Putnam would say "Whitcomb" instead of "Titcomb," and that he had to leave when he had no answer to the question of questions.

But for all this neither of them cared. It was all a pretence. He was talking that they need not be still. And of a sudden he broke off:

"Why do I talk this stuff to you? You know what I want to say to you. I want to say to you that, morning, noon, and night, since that day you wrote me last, my one thought has been to come nearer to you, and

to deserve to come. There has really not been one hour, dear Sarah, but the thought of you has made me a better man, and if before then I ever forgot to say my prayers, it has not been so since. For always, and I will not say how often, I have begged God to take care of you, since you would not let me. Sarah, I have remembered you every minute, and that is the reason I am here. God Almighty has heard my prayers——”

“And mine,” said she. And Harry Curwen hardly cared that she should say more.

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Late at night they walked up together to the cabin door. Silas Ransom was sitting there, looking up at the moon in his wistful way.

“Silas,” said the happy young man, “you must take some time to tell me how you built Miss Sarah’s cabin. She says you did ; I have felt so glad all the summer that she would have you to look after her.”

Silas was on his feet already. “Told ye uh should find her, sir. Ought to uv waited for

me 'fore she went—told her so. Got here first  
sose tev it ready for her. Et's all right now  
you've come. Sh'ought to uv waited for me  
in Salem—told her so. Uh knew uh should  
find her. Got here fust, 'n'ad it all ready when  
she cum."

THE END.

MAR 13 1918